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Henderson-Brown College

The Star

PUBLISHED BY
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF HENDERSON
COLLEGE of
ARKADELPHIA, ARK.

Volume Five



MCMIX



REV. J. C. RHODES

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Vol of Mrs. Johnson

Dedication

To

Rev. J. C. Rhodes

*Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Henderson College,
this Volume of the Star is respectfully
dedicated.*

Introduction

IN PRESENTING to you this Volume of "The Star" we give you the best possible delineation of student life in Henderson during the year 1908-'09. It is our earnest hope that all mistakes and faults found herein may be overlooked, inasmuch as the students themselves must bear the responsibility for its delay.

We do hope, however, that every student may be able to look upon "The Star" of '09 with much pride and find in its pages material that will cause the year 1909 to live long in the memories and hearts of all who had the good fortune to pass our way.

THE STAR



The Sittings Herald Press
Arkadelphia, Ark.

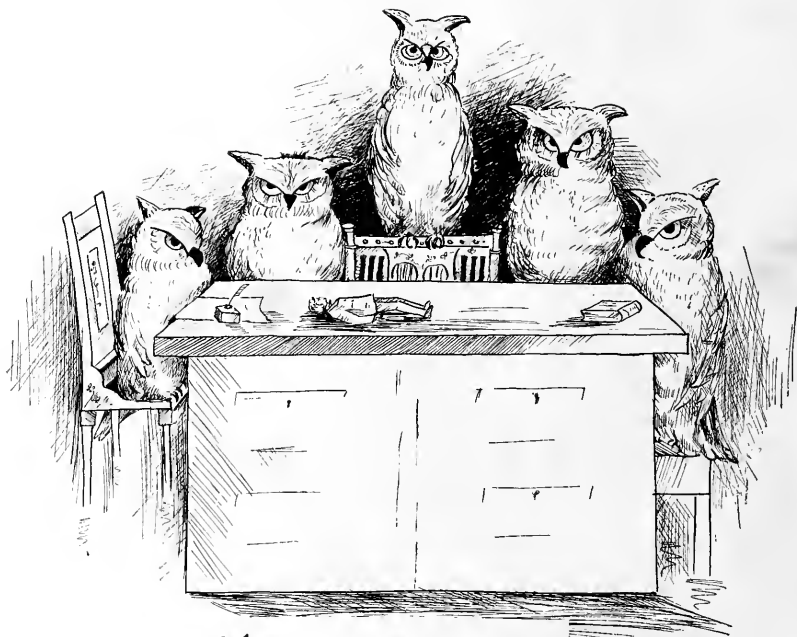


PRESIDENT JOHN H. HINEMON.



STAR STAFF





Faculty



J. C. RAPP



R. T. PROCTOR



JAMES R. HAYGOOD



JOHN F. MITCHELL



MISS PANCY McLAUGHLIN



MISS ADA OWEN



MISS CORA WILSON



MISS MAI WILSON



JOHN HINEMON
PRES.



MRS. K. BORDEN



MISS EULA BUSSE

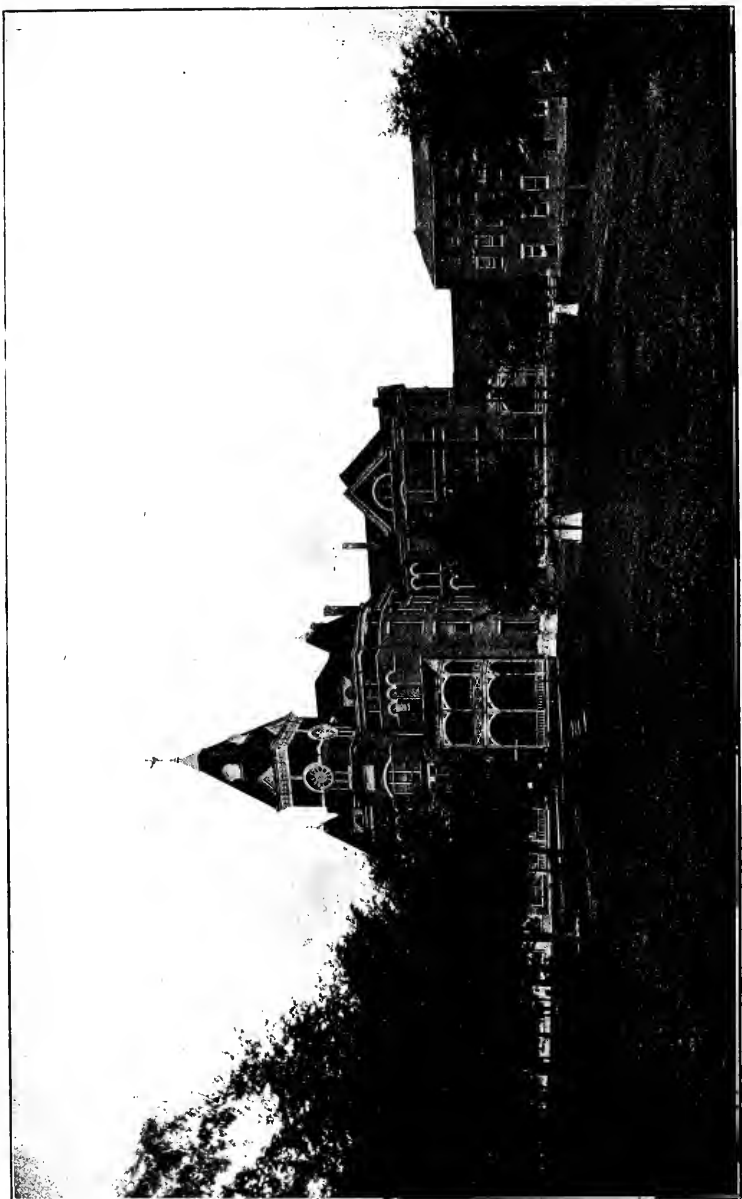


B. S. FOSTER



MISS CLARA G. THORNHILL

Mrs J. H. Beels B.



MAIN BUILDING

KEY HALL



CONTRIBUTORS

LITERATURE

Hugh D. Hart
 Lena Key
 Martie Lea Miller
 Marvin Warlick
 Alice Haltom
 Cleve Cathey
 Odem Walker
 Eula Moores
 McFerrin G bbs
 Frank McCarroll
 John L. Hughes
 Clarence Parsons
 Lillie Lee Thomasson

ART

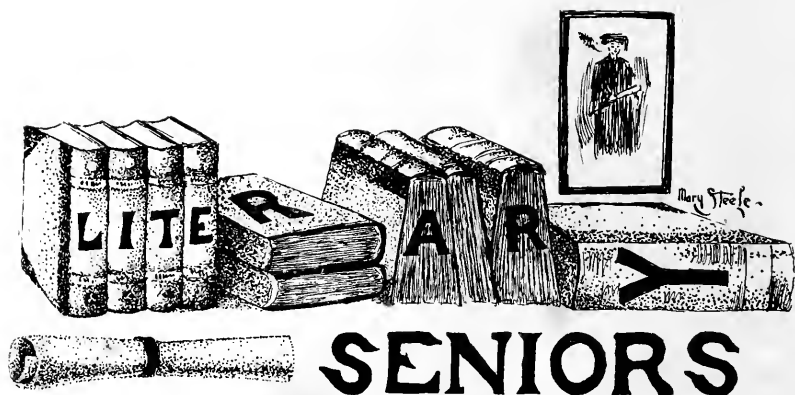


Lillian Lucas
 Mary Steele
 Lena Murry
 Bevie Poole
 Lucy Neal
 Janet Hinemon
 Eula Moores
 Mabel Wilkinson
 Mamie Watson
 Arline Wilson
 Lawrence Newberry
 Ava Norris
 Lafayette Wright



1. Miss Elsie Taylor, Librarian. 2 Mrs. Kennon, Dressmaking Dept.
 3. Miss Lillian Lucas, Supt. of Practice. 4. John H. Hinemon,
 President. 5. Rev. W. F. Evans, Financial Agent. 6. B. S.
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 R. K. Borden, Dean of Women. 9. Mrs. N. J. John,
 Stewardess. 10. James B. Garrett, Supt. of Buildings and Grounds





Officers



<i>President</i>	HUGH HART
<i>Vice-President</i>	LETA WRIGHT
<i>Secretary</i>	CHRISTINA MOORE
<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRY HENDERSON
<i>Faculty Representative</i>	LETA WRIGHT
<i>Class Orator</i>	SKIPWITHE ADAMS
<i>Class Essayist</i>	BESSIE KAUFMAN

Motto: Nil mortalibus ardui est.

Colors: White and Old Gold.

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose.

SKIPWITHE W. ADAMS, A. B.
GARLAND SOCIETY

"Fit to bear the weight of mightiest empires."

Charter Member Garland Society; Chairman Committee to Revise Constitution Presented Picture of Mr. Garland, '06 President Garland '06; Declamation Contest '05-'06; Winner Inter-Society Debate '07; Drew for Deportment Medal '07; Manager Track Teams '06-'07; Varsity Eleven, '06; President Sophomore Class '05; Vice President Y. M. C. A. '08; Cabinet Member '06-'07-'08; President H. O. A. Club '06; Treasurer Athletic Association '08; Lieutenant Co. A '06; Capt. Company B '09; Annual Staff '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief Annual '09; Oracle Staff '09; President Democratic Club '06; Representative State Oratorical Contest '09; Class Orator '09.

WAITIE MARIE BUTLER, A. B.
UPSILON PHI

"Queenly counsel in her face yet shone."

Vice-President Upsilon Phi Literary Society '08, '09; Critic '08; Chaplain '07; Chairman Program Committee '08-'09; Member "The Oracle" Staff '08-'09; Monitor '08; Essay Contestant '09.

LUTHER CLIFTON BEASLEY, B. S.
GAMMA SIGMA

"God never endows a tall man with much sense."

Treasurer Gamma Sigma Literary Society '05, '06; Critic, '05, '07, '08; President, '07; Sgt. at Arms, '07; Recording Secretary, '06; Chaplain '08; President Y. M. C. A. '07-'08; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention Jonesboro, '07; Member Honor Committee '06-'07; Pres. Sunday School Class '08-'09; Member of Southern Male Quartette, '07-'08; Member College Band, '09; Member Star Staff '09; Drew for Deportment Medal, '06-'07-'08; 1st Corporal Co. "A" '06; 2nd. Sergeant Co. "A" '05, 1st. Lieutenant Co. "A" '09.



EDGAR LYSLE DEAN, A. B.

GAMMA SIGMA.

"He feels within him a still and quiet conscience."

President '05, '07; Vice President '06; Critic '07-8; Chaplain '05, '08; Sergeant-at-arms '06; Inter-Society Debate '07-8-9; "Star" Staff '07; Editor-in-chief of the "Oracle" '08-9; President Y. M. C. A. '06-7; Delegate to Nashville '07; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '07; Member of Track team '06-7-8; Member of State Champion Relay Team '06-7-8; Manager Track team '06; Second Sergeant of Co. "B" '06; Second Lieutenant Co. "B" '07; Captain Co. "B" '08; Captain Co. "A" '09; President Sunday School Class '09; President Ouachita County Club '08; Drew for Department Medal '05-6-7-8; Member of Honor Committee '06.

MAY HUGHES, A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN.

*"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes.
Soft as her clime, and sunny as the skies."*

Secretary Sophomore Class '06; Chaplain Philomathean Society '06-7; Vice President '08; President '08; Secretary '06; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '07-8-9; Leader of Mission Class '06-7; Secretary Sunday School Class '08-9.

McFERRIN GIBBS, B. S.

GARLAND SOCIETY

"He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give directions."

Varsity Eleven '06-'08-'09; Member Track Team '07-'08-'09; Member Base ball Team '05; Delegate to Southwestern Conference '07; Secretary Y. M. C. A. '07; Charter Member Garland Society; President '09; Vice-President '08; Secretary '08; Treasurer '06-'07; Drew for Department Medal '05-'06; 2nd Sergeant Co. "B" '06; 1st Lieutenant Co. "B" '07; Captain Co. "A" '08; Cadet Major '09; Member College Band '09; Charter Member Rabbit Club '06.



JOHN HARRY HENDERSON, A. B.

GARLAND SOCIETY.

"'Tis good will makes intelligence."

Charter Member Garland Society; Marshal '07; Chaplain '06; Corresponding Secretary '06; Debate Critic '05; Literary Critic '08; Vice-President '06; President '07; Declamation Contest '08; Inter-Society Debate '09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '07; Delegate to Ruston '06; Oracle Staff '08, '09; Business Manager The Oracle '08, '09; Annual Staff '08; 4th Searg. Co. "B" '06; 2nd. Searg. Co. "A" '07; 2nd. Lieut. Co. "A" '09; Treasurer Senior Class '09; Student Secretary Memorial Building Fund '09.

EMMIE HAYS, A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN

"A heart more loyal never beat within a human breast."

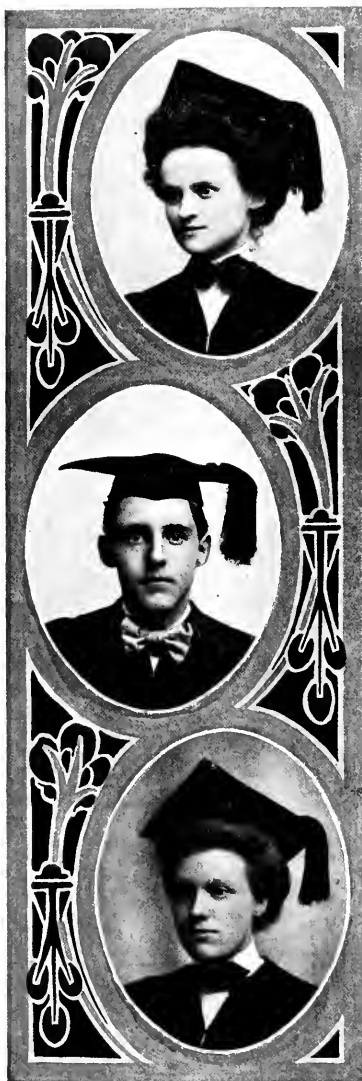
Leader Bible Study '06-'07-'08. Cabinet Member Y. W. C. A. '07-'08-'09, President Y. W. C. A. '07-'08-'09, Delegate to Cascade, Colorado '06, Literary Critic Philomathean Society '08, Chaplain '07, Secretary '07, President '07, Essay Contestant '07, First Lieutenant Co. A. '08, Most Popular Girl '08, Assistant Matron '09.

HUGH HART, A. B.

GARLAND SOCIETY

"His eye negotiates for itself and trusts no agent."

Debate Critic Garland Society '05; Vice-President '05 '06; Recording Secretary '07; Critic '07, '09; Committee to Revise Constitution '07; Corresponding Secretary '07; President '09; Sergeant at Arms, '09; Winner Declamation Medal '08, Charter Member H. O. M. '07; Winner Latin Medal '07; Nominating Committee Y. M. C. A. '08; Member Cabinet Y. M. C. A. '08, '09; Delegate Y. M. C. A. State Convention '09; Manager Football Team '08; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association '08, '09; Drew for Department Medal '06, '07; Corporal Co. "B" '07, '08; 3rd Sergeant "Co. "B" '08; Second Lieutenant Co. "B." '08, '09; Assistant Manager Annual '08; '09; Manager Annual '09; Member of "The Oracle" Staff '09; Secretary of Young Men's Democratic Club '09; Inter-Society Debate '09; Oratorical Contest '09; Class Poet Freshman '06; Treasurer Sophomore '07; Vice-President Junior Class '08; President Senior Class '09.



BESSIE KAUFMAN, A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN

"Such is the power of that sweetest passion."

Treasurer '07; Secretary '08-'09, Vice-President Sophomore Class '07; Essay Contestant '08; Class Representative '09; Member Tennis Club '09.

RICHARD M. HOLLEMON, B. S.

GAMMA SIGMA

"An honest man he is."

Treasurer '07; Sec. '07; Vice-President '06; President '08; Drew for Department Medal '06; Corp. Co. "B" '06; 4th Sergeant Co. "B" '07-'8; 2nd Lieut. Co. "A" '09, Star Staff '08.

BERYL HENRY, A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN.

*"If the heart of one is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when she appears"*

Expression Graduate '08; Censor '06; Sergeant-at-Arms '07; Secretary '07, '08; Treasurer '06-'08; Member First B. B. Team '06, '07, '08, '09; Captain '08; Manager '09; President Tennis Club '09; Corporal Co. "A" '05; First Sgt. '06; Acting Captain '07; Girls' Treasurer Athletic Association '08; Treasurer Sunday School '08, '09; President of Sunday School Class, '07, '08; Vice-President of County Club '07; Vice-President "P. A." Club '09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '08, '09; Member of Star Staff '09; Secretary of Class '07; President of Soph '08.



LENA KEY, A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN

*"O woman, lovely woman! Nature
made thee
To temper man."*

Chaplain '06; Sergeant-at-Arms '07; Literary Critic '08; President '09; Member of College Orchestra '05, '06, '07, '08; Contestant for Expression Medal '06; Corporal Co. "A" '06; Second Sergeant Co. "A" '07.



MITTIE GRACE MAHAN, A. B.

UPSILON PHI

*"Verily, verily hath she performed
in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a
lion."*

Chaplain '06; Sergeant-at-Arms '07, '08, '09; Critic '07, '08; Treasurer '07; Secretary '08; Corresponding Secretary '09; Secretary of D. D. C. '08; Second Lieutenant Co. "A" '08; Drew for Housekeeping Medal '06, '07, '08; Drew for Department Medal; Expression Contest '08; Expression Graduate '08; "Star" Staff '08, '09.

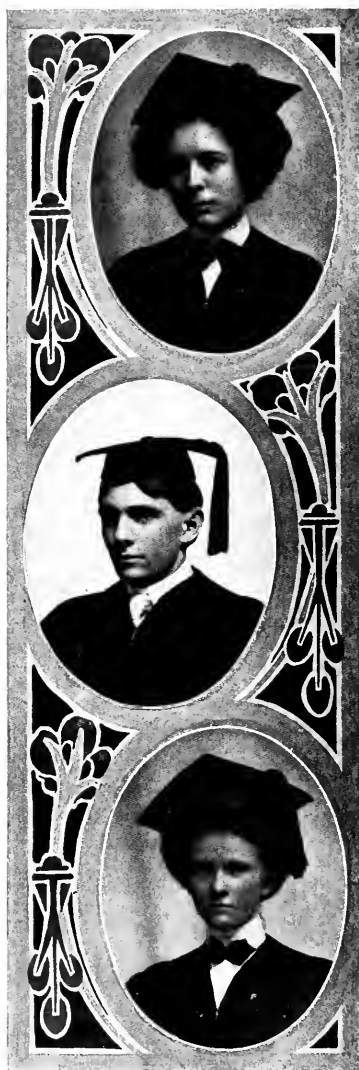


CHRISTINA MOORE A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected"

Music and Order Critic '06, '07, '08, '09; Sergeant-at-Arms, '07, '08; Music Medal '05, '06; Treasurer Freshman Class '06; Vice-President Sevier Co. Club '07; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '07; Treasurer P. A. Club '08; Secretary Senior Class '09; Lieutenant Co. "A" '07.



IDA POSEY, A. B.
PHILOMATHEAN.

"Tis virtue that has made her so admired."

Vice-President Philomathean Society '08; Censor '09; President '09; Drew for Department Medal '06; Drew for Housekeeping Medal '08; 3rd Sergeant Co. "B." '08; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet member '08-'09.

J. C. PARSONS, A. B.
GAMMA SIGMA

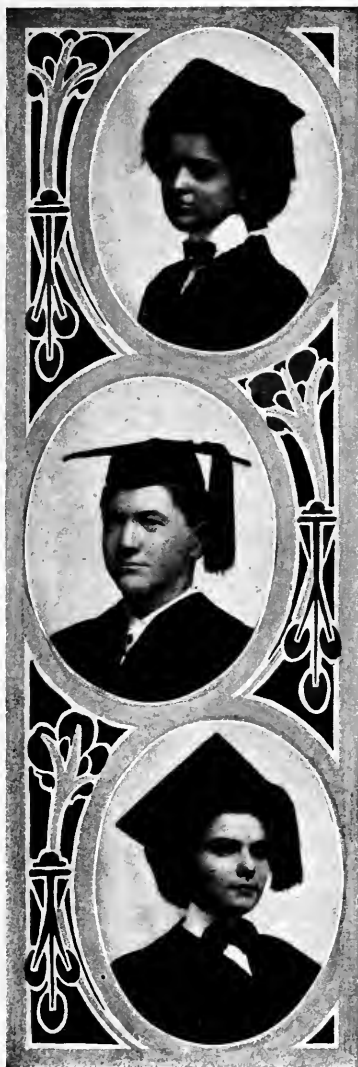
"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Secretary '06; Regent of H. O. M. '06; Member "The Star" Staff '08-'09; member of "Oracle" Staff '08-'09; Second Lieutenant Co. "B" '08-'09.

MARY STEEL, A. B.
PHILOMATHEAN

*"In framing an artist, art has thus decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed."*

Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement at Nashville, Tenn. '06; Won Art Medal '06; Leader in Mission Study Class '05, '06; Censor in Philomathean Society '05, '06; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '06, '07, '08, '09; Drew for Housekeepers Medal '06, '07, '08; Chaplain in Philomathean Society '07, '09; Fifth Sergeant in Co. "A," Vice-President Sevier Co. Club '07, '08; Treasurer Art Club '07, '08; Secretary Sunday School Class '07, '08, '09; Treasurer Philomathean Society '08-'09; Sergeant-at-Arms '08, '09; Secretary and Treasurer Special Senior Class '08, '09; President of Paradise Alley Club '08, '09.



ALVA TARRANT, A. B.

UPSILON PHI

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Secretary '06, '07, '08; President '08, '09; Sergeant-at-Arms '05, '06, '07, '08, '09; Vice-President Freshman class '07; Treasurer Junior Class '08; Drew for Housekeeping Medal '06, '07, '08; Chair-leader Y. W. C. A. '09; Member Orchestra '05, '06; Member U. P. Quartette '07, '08, '09; Voice Graduate '08.



RUFORD TURRENTINE, A. B., B. S.

GAMMA SIGMA

"His mind a thought, his life a breath of God."

Treasurer '06, '07; Corresponding Secretary '08, Critic '05, '07; Chaplain '07, '08; Sergeant-at-Arms '09; President '07, '08; Corporal Co. "B" '05, '06; 2nd. Sgt. '07; 1st. Sgt. '08; 1st. Lieutenant '09; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '07, '08, '09; President Y. M. C. A. '08, '09; Varsity Eleven '07, '08, '09; Track Team '08; Secretary Freshman Class '06; President Sophomore Class '07; President Sunday School Class '08, '09; President Sevier County Club '07; Drew for Department Ring '07; Declamation Contest '06, '07, '08; Male Quartet '07, '08; Nominating Speaker B. U. '07, Delegate Southwestern Student Conference '07; Delegate Y. M. C. A., President's Conference '08; Treasurer Athletic Association '08, '09; Band '09; Annual Staff '08, '09; Oracle Staff '09; President Special Senior Class '08; Commencement Debater '09.



LETA WRIGHT A. B.

PHILOMATHEAN

"We read her face as one who reads, A true and holy book."

Secretary '07; Literary Critic '08, '09; President '08; Winner Essay Medal '08; Secretary Junior Class '08; Vice-President Senior Class '09; Faculty Representative '09; Member Tennis Club '09; Drew for Housekeeping Medal '08; Drew for Department Medal '08; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member '08; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '09; President of Scalawag Club '08, '09; Delegate to Springfield Conference '08, '09; Member of Oracle Staff '08, '09.

Class of '09



IT HARDLY behooves one of this day and time to promulgate the famous records of each illustrious member of this class, for knowledge beyond perfection has "already claimed them for her own." However as this task has been shifted upon such a youthful head as mine. I will merely attempt to "show them up." This discussion will not take each one from the innocence of the cradle but from their life as school boys and girls.

First in rank is President Hugh D. Hart. On wings of knowledge he has soared to realms unheard of by the rest of us, and for that reason, we know little of him, beyond this. Yet we, who stand gazing, in utter astonishment, at him as he takes his upward flight, reap some consolation from the old adage, "No bird soars so high but that he must return to get food." We are expecting Hugh to start his earthward flight towards the President's chair of the United States.

Along side of this renowned member stands our own little "Squat" (Clarence Parsons.) Ha! Ha! Words are inadequate to express our appreciation of such a one among us, and outside of being sorely afflicted with a "Perpetual Motion Whooping Cough," we can size him up in the words of poet Odem Walker, "I'm it," Ah! Ah!

Beryl Henry, "The Athletic Kid," demands here, a few words of commendation. "First in play, first in work, first in the hearts of her little school friends." She came to Henderson as little "Beb" but time hath wrought miraculous changes upon her. She ranks now among the oldest, in age, and she has the honor of belonging to the "Grand Height Triumvirate" composed of herself, Luther Beasley, and Waitie Butler, she, (Beryl) being classed No. 3. She holds the world's record for "Standing Broad Grin," and "The Hash Put." It might be of benefit to her to add that when very small she "copped" first prize at a baby show, in a "Beauty Contest."

Nos. one and two of this "Grand Triumvirate," Luther Beasley and Waitie Butler demand the attention of the entire scholastic body as they perambulate about their various and sundry duties, towering above the common mass of people. Lessons quake before their beseeching hungry eyes, for they know they are soon to be devoured and mastered. Never have Luther and Waitie been known to say that little word "can't." Even Cupid failed in his case of introduction. Pushing upward they go on through this life (hand in hand).

Another great organization among the members is "The Flirts." Six compose this audacious little band. Judging from their serious, solemn and unconcerned personal appearance you would never think them guilty of such frivolous conduct, and yet, on the sly they are. The guilty parties are:

Christina Moore	} "The Fluffy Ruffles"	Harry Henderson	} "The Candy Kids"
Ida Posey		Marvin Holemon	
Mary Steele		Edgar Dean	

But when these flirting days are over, for they are more or less (mostly more) in the life of each one of us, we shall behold them:

"In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of Life,
Not as slow dumb driven cattle,
But as heroes in the strife."

May Hughes who hails from Benton, the "Citadel of the South," has been among us, now, for three years. So long, indeed, that we have about become accustomed to her smiling grin and winning ways and I'm sure the Seniors, Juniors, etc., of the coming year will be loath to be deprived of such a jolly care free lassie. For one of her age, she is very innocent, but this is due to her early associations with "Blondie."

About the biggest thing I would undertake to embrace is my next subject Emmie Hays. She has been chosen as the most popular girl in Henderson College and rightly so, too, for she has a heart in her like a trolley car, "Always room for one more." Her most peculiar characteristic is that she treats all men alike.

No tongue would dare out-claim our "Silver-tongued Orator" Skipwith Adams. His words of wisdom, each day, are seeking prominence in the Senatorial Chamber, and long ago was he hailed as "The Coming Senator Adams." "Good morning! Pleased to meet you!"

Perhaps the smallest, and yet the most significant member of our class is Leta Wright. Wise, she assumes tasks that would vex the president of this great country, and yet she does accomplish them with astonishing alacrity. Indeed, she is a wonderful creature, notwithstanding her minute stature. In this case, specially is it true that "precious jewels are done up in small packages."

Like a cyclone did she whirl among us, this dashing little maid, Mittie Grace Mahan. She is fair to look upon, indeed all beauty of the class is concealed in this one member. "Concealed" because it has never been brought to light, so far. Yet is it necessary for me to say that she is a very timid, blushing "little chile," shrinking from "Hendersonian Society?" No, it isn't necessary, for she does not and we all know it. And smart? I guess she is! She says lots of cute things, which she writes down in her little "Book of Sayings."

Salute! Major Gibbs, "Chief Executive of the Heads-up Brigade," with commanding, rather than obeying, manner he walks among his poor, little helpless cadets, burdening their already tired out corporal systems with his onerous orders. From his listless manner one would judge that he was born at a time when there was "nothing doing," but when the double quick march is patted out by his No. 11's on the concrete walk, on the way from Evan's to Kaufman's we can conceive of no more exciting fact than that business is picking up with Mc.

Bessie Kaufman, our old maid, (maybe?) has peculiar ways of her own, yet she gets there just the same. Robed in the garment of perfected understanding she steals silently forth from her paternal domicile each morning, to return in the evening, having gathered unto herself knowledge more abundantly. That little word "love" has given Sister Kaufman more trouble than anything else, but I think she has partially come to the full realizations of its sensations, however it was accomplished in a "Gibberous" manner.

"Prima-donna Tarrant" will soon have acquired enough speed in reputation

to make her the foremost singer of the age. Already at this youthful tide, has she refused positions offered as "Grand Opera Singer." She has so reached the stage of perfection along this line, that she even recites her lessons in tune, but, —sad to say—they're almost doleful.

Ruford Turrentine expects to make a "man" of himself, and as he is a pretty energetic (?) youngster, we have no doubt but what he'll come out victorious. As did Caesar remark so will he: "I came, I saw, I conquered!"

Only one remains unspoken of, but as I am she, I "kinder" feel a hesitancy in touching upon such a "light weight" so excuse me please.

Lena Key.



OFFICERS:

<i>President</i>	JNO. L. HUGHES
<i>Vice-President</i>	ANNIE SCOTT EVANS
<i>Secretary</i>	LOUIS AGEE
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
<i>Reporter</i>	P. HORACE TAYLOR
<i>Poet</i>	FLETCHER WHITESIDE

Colors: *White and Violet*

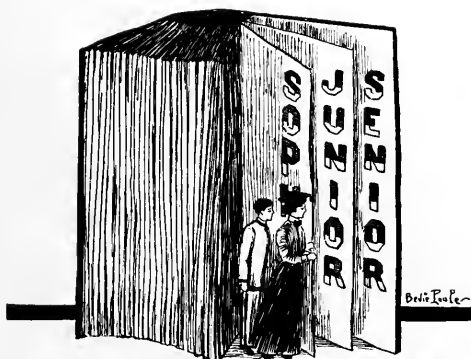
Flower: *Violet*

Motto: "*Nulla Vestigia Retrosa*"

CLASS ROLL

Annie Scott Evans	John L. Hughes
Fletcher Whiteside	Ned Atkin
Annie Shell	Elizabeth Williams
Whiteford Mauldin	Mable McEachern
Louis Agee	Lillie Whiteside
Aubrey Taylor	Mary Williamson
Horace Taylor	





SOPHOMORE

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ROY DCUGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	VERA MEADE
<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE PIPKIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	JEROME BROWN

Motto: *"De avoir vint avoir."*

Colors: *Blue and Gold.*

Flower: *Forget-Me-Not.*

CLASS ROLL

Nina Williams	Bevie Poole
Inez McDuffie	Vera Moore
Alice Pipkin	Ruth Kitley
Bonnie Burnett	Emily Lane
Mattie Lea Miller	Irma Marshall
Claudia Turrentine	Ruth Wilson
Roy Johns	Roy Dougan
Ben Few	Jerome Brown
Gus Brown	Walter McCarroll
Frank McCarroll	Key Culp
Roscoe Johnson	Wesley Rogers
Allan Gilliam	



Sophomores

1

We are the "Sophs" of Henderson
The future class of nineteen 'leven
'Tis then that all our work is done
With honors our diplomas given.

2

We're the stars of our dear college
The ones the Seniors do admire
For to us they come for knowledge
And to our greatness they aspire.

3

This year we might have finished
But our school to us is so dear;
All interest too, would be diminished
If the Sophomores were not here.

4

So we have kindly condescended
To lend our presence two years more,
By then our labors will be ended
And we'll count our honors by the score.

5

With determination we'll endeavor
A better record each year to make,
To neglect our many duties never,
For great the reward which is at stake.

6

Next year when we return
To this our alma mater,
Let us not the Sophomores spurn
Though we've become a little greater.

7

We'll look upon them leniently
Excuse their many frivolous ways
For we ourselves, will pleasantly
Recall the good old Sophomore days.

—Emily Lane.

History of the Sophomore Class.

"As one who cons, at evening, o'er an
album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends
that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of an annual
the idle time to pass
For I find the noble likeness
Of that stunty Sophomore class."

FIRST in line, comes Roy Dougan, our president. Who can name one half so cute as this blushing little Rounder? He is accomplished, too. Indeed, so well does he play the cornet, that he is Bugler in the drill. This, too, is worthy of our notice, for he is a commissioned officer, therefore, he has privileges. So you see, with all these honors heaped upon him it is no wonder that he modestly blushes perpetually.

Our vice president comes next, Miss Vera Meade. A smiling, charming, winsome lass, with the burning desire in her heart to be the mistress of a doctor's home.

Behold "Coot" Brown. Now he is the real package. We love him for three reasons. First, for his loyalty to the Sophs. This year might have seen him with the Juniors, but nay, the Sophs again claimed him as their own and thus he remains with us. Second, for his never-dying fame as catcher on the base ball team. And lastly, he is the most popular boy in school.

The next wearer of the Lavender and White, is Miss Alice Pipkin, that lady who admonishes all boys, "Have your suit Taylor made."

And here are Walter and Frank McCarroll. They are handsome guys, important too. They are "the two McCarroll boys," "Frank and Walter," "Mrs. McCarroll's two sons," "Walter and Frank" and "the McCarroll brothers." These many little titles serve to make our hearts swell with pride when we point to them.

Come, Bevie, let the vast multitude gaze on you. This shy, timid, little girl is our artist, who paints foot ball boys and basket ball girls.

Be reverend, now, for you are in the August presence of our two Ministers, Roy John and Ben Few. Their persuasive eloquence has appealed to boys and girls alike, and the Sophs are justly proud of these "Fishers of men."

Our next little co-eds are Bonnie and Ruth—better known as "Miss Burnit" and "Sister Kit." They are demure little maids, both skilful performers on the piano.

See, now, our book-agent, for it is Claud Murry who has traversed this land with the "Century Book of Facts" and sought to induce every head of a household to enlarge his library with this splendid volume.

Our next fair ladies are Emily Lane and Nina Williams. The first a poet of rare genius—but true to the poet's utterance,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Nina is that famous essayist, and justly has she won her "rep."

But who is the gentleman there, who spends so much of his time in the library? Why that is Wesley Rogers. The foreigner there, is Chesley Culp, from the old North State; and the wild looking guy is Boscoe, the snake-eater, That lean and hungry looking lad is Ham Gilliam, the greatest orator of the day. His favorite subject is, "Boneless Ham," the idol of his greedy affections.

Turn your gaze next on Miss Claudia Turrentine, our studious lady, and next behold the weeping Miss Irma Marshall, who moans, "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

Miss Ruth Wilson next appears with her humble apology, "horribly sorry, I'm sure." But we must not in our summary forget to speak a word for our departed sister, Kate Baggott. The storm at Brinkley robbed her of her home, and she was forced to go from these sacred precincts and to withdraw from our class.

Now, did you ever in all your life see such a bunch of cuteness, and beauty as our last specimen, "Mat"? A veritable rose, she is. Her eyes are green, her nose is red and her mouth—why it is a half moon. But the rest of our quotation comes trooping to our minds,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And so have I tried to tell you, briefly, of the Sophs. Here they are, each and all—a noble bunch, a sturdy bunch, a stunty bunch.

—Mattie Lee Miller.



FRESHMAN:

OFFICERS:

<i>President</i>	HUGH LATIMER
<i>Vice President</i>	GILBERT GILMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	OLA PARKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	LILLIE PARKS

Colors: *Green and White*

Flower: *Daisy*

Motto: *Youth is the only fault that corrects itself.*

CLASS ROLL

Lillie Parks	Harry Gatling
Ruby Mendenhall	Holderness Elliott
Justine Jenkins	Hugh Latimer
Nellie Steed	Gilbert Gilman
Queen Bess Hall	Frank Gerig
Frank Wright	Annie B. Tatum
Clarence McClellan	Marvin Warlick
Robert Zachry	Ola Parker



Freshmen

There is a class in our school,
Some say it's wondrous green,
And in the springtime so they tell,
Its colors may be seen.

They call us "flunkies," "greens," and "fresh,"
And say we are no good,
Except to take "Miss Mollie's" place,
Or split the kindling wood.

But when the track meet comes around
And in muscle they hope to surpass,
Then when they look for winners
They approach the Freshman class.

The haughty Sophomores think they're "IT"
The Juniors think the same,
As for the mighty Seniors,
Words their wisdom cannot name.

We never flirt, we never shirk,
We never cut a class,
And we do not doubt it's the teacher's fault,
That we all so seldom pass.

Our honored President has said,
And in Ruskin the phrase is found,
That the heaviest and most fruitful ears
Hang lowest to the ground.

We've taken this saying to our hearts
And kept it hard and tight,
And not in puffing up is found
The key to our magic might.

You'll hear from us in future years,
When from these halls we pass,
And count it an honor that you have known
The members of our class.

So here's to the class of 1912!
Our class, that we all love best;
In the loyal hearts of her girls and boys,
May her memory always rest.

—Alice Haltom.

History of the Freshman Class



IN THE summer of 1908 a heavenly council was held between Jupiter, Venus and Cupid, concerning the classes of Henderson, as to which class should have their supreme favor and paternal protection. After a most august deliberation it was decided that the Freshman class should have the allegiance of the divine council. The next and most important work of the divine counselors was to select proper subjects for members. Jupiter was chosen to select men while Venus was to select maidens and the urchin Cupid was the common messenger for the two.

Such prudence and wisdom did Jupiter exhibit in his selections that a noble band of Freshman youths now grace our halls such as would make dim in the background the whole career of Socrates, and Atlas might in his old age wander off to some peaceful realm and leave the burden of the whole world on the shoulders of these modern Hercules. Venus sifted the whole world and transported thither many a Cleopatra; and not beauty merely, for along with it she brought many queens of Sheba. The amorous boy, plying his peculiar art, has so united the powers of those that now they are indeed worthy of Ganymedian honors."

We know that puffing-up is the surest and most fatal sign of decay, but "Who-so knoweth the truth and proclaimeth it not hath neither part nor lot in the rewards of the blest."

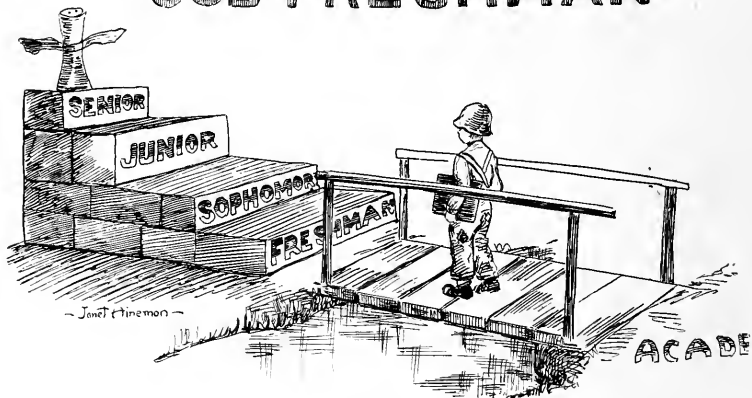
Should we fail to make known the wisdom and manliness of these worthy youths and the wit and beauty of these fair maidens, for us the sky would be darkened and the noon-day sun turned to blood. Jupiter would overwhelm us with a storm of thunder-bolts and Tartarus would be our portion. Therefore we make haste with the more alacrity to sing the praises of this class as well as to refute some of the slander cast upon us by those vile reptiles, the Second Academic and Sub-Freshman Classes. These vile wretches have insinuated that some of the noble members of this illustrious class have fallen by the way; to put it in plain language, have gotten cold feet, and thereupon they dreaded the stormy way before them and securing certain patient beasts guaranteed not to balk at the most difficult path or to shy at the fiercest animal that might beset the way, did stride them and ride upon them past those fierce beings, the "Profs." It is also declared by these same slanderous persons who are made jealous of our attainments that they intend to leave behind these gentle and well broken beasts. Both stories are entirely unfounded.

With this reputation and denials of these charges we leave you. If you would see the character of these youths you have only to visit Henderson and see for yourself.

Since Jupiter and his divine collaborations have condescended to give their support to this class, who doubts but that when we go out, each with a roll of sheepskin under his arm that we will revolutionize the world and bring about the realization of the Golden Age.

—Marvin Warlick.

SUB FRESHMAN



OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JAMES EVANS
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANK STEED
<i>Secretary</i>	CLEVE CATHEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ORA HUGHES

CLASS ROLL

James Evans	Odie Mitchell
Bessie Ward	Percy Turrentine
John Wood	Ed Trice
Ozella Richardson	Mildred Gerig
Wright Hogan	Vernon Bruce
Mabel McNeal	Janet Hinemon
Frank Steed	Brice Kaufman
Ora Hughes	Hester Woozencraft
Frank Williams	Lawrence Newberry
Lela Mitchell	Anna Stark Foster
T. O. Rorie	Charles Haygood
Roy Turrentine	Elva Cupp
Olin Evans	Will Shelton
W. A. Hansford	Cleve Cathey

YELL

Rip Rah! Rip Rah!
 Rip Rah! Ram!
 We don't give a
 We don't give a
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Ray!
 Sub - Fresh, Sub - Fresh!
 We're O. K.

Motto: *Conquer as you go.*

Flower: *Sweet Pea.*

Colors: *Pink and Green*



Sub-Freshmen

How dear to the teachers are we the Sub-Freshmen!
When all of our knowledge is shown in review,
That Mr. George Elliot's the author of Macbeth
Is not half we'll know when our English we're through;
We learn from our reading it's well to be cheerful;
Mrs. Gummidge is always our model so dear,
For always she brightened the path of sad Phoebe
And always rejoiced when the donkeys grazed near.

Our teacher in history is always delighted
When search has been made to find out something new;
And V—— is e'er ready to tell of the lyrics
And statues by Plato, preserved now in Rome;
An Archimedes sure we have in our Math. class;
P—— knows that a six comes next after a five,
So "Conquer," we say, "As you go" is not idle,
For victory we'll win if we still persevere.

Our lessons in Caesar are "something terrific,"
Not seldom so hard that we scarcely get through;
But when we have studied and then read quite badly,
Our blunders are told just by two words, "Ho! ho!"
The praises we give to the grand Roman leader,
The words that we speak of his noble career,
Are mingled with wishing he had never written,
Because of his wars we sometimes have war here.

When we shall have climbed to the heights of a Freshman
We'll not think a moment we've gone far enough;
But onward we'll press like Athen's great orator,
And polish our minds if they're now "in the rough;"
Sub-Freshman is grandest in Henderson College
For always our best we do in everything;
We feel that each one will be beaming with knowledge
When out from this school he shall go in '13.

C. C.



SECOND ACADEMIC

OFFICERS:

<i>President</i>	EVA KEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	ODEM WALKER
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH PEARCY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ARCHIE WILLIAMS

Colors: *Pink and Green*

Flower: *Hyacinth*

Motto: *Get all that's coming to you.*

CLASS ROLL

Ada Kennon	Kate Mitchell
Lucy Kate McGhee	Rea Kelley
Jennie Warlick	Frankie O'Neal
Johnnie Henderson	Mimmie Perdue
Ola Hobson	Theresa Henderson
Nellie Hartsfield	Mary Dunlap
Grace Croswell	Eula Hale
Maggie Bruce	Bessie Graves
Thomas Wright	Grady Culbreth
Clifton Atwood	Edd Caldwell
Lem Caldwell	Jehu Crow
Will Evans	John Ferguson
Dennis Gathright	Horace Greene
Charles Kyle	Norman Snapp
Archie Williams	Verbon Rogers
Guy Williams	Marcus Key
Charles Reid	Locke Love
William Massey,	Clack Martin
Ernest McNeal,	



Second Academic

In the year nineteen and nine
Henderson was thriving,
Girls and boys were well refined
And Seniors could go driving.

The Juniors all were young and gay
The "Sophs" were awe inspiring,
A Freshman too was heard to say
A "Sub-Fresh" I'm admiring.

But if you met a brilliant lad
With graceful manly bearing,
Or if perchance a smiling lass
Who's knowledge too was daring.

'Twas but an Academic two
The pride of our Mrs. Borden,
Who crammed their heads through
With notes on "Enoch Arden"

But now a score of years have passed
Their learned heads are whitened,
But teachers all still love this class
Whose visions they have widened.

In the many fields of life
Positions we are filling
Opportunities are ripe
And we are all excelling.

Some are Doctors of the Law
And not a few are teachers,
In the state of Arkansas,
While other boys are preachers.

Some are filling public halls
With great artistic paintings,
And one our admirations calls
With his exquisite chantings.

Some are prominent in state
And others in the nation,
While one a soldier brave and great
Has won great approbation.

Another's master of the stage
In an Eastern city,
His comic face is all the rage
He charms us with his ditty.

One brave man astounds the world
With wonderful inventions,
Another learns that Latin nouns
Should have but two declensions.

One has found that Shakespeare lived
Before the ancient Homer,
Another one that Tennyson
Had used the word "a gonner."

One had won at marathon
And broke the Grecian record,
Another one composed a song
Immortalizing Hector.

One in politics is great
Another is a farmer,
Only one has met his fate
And he was just a knocker.

Now I fold this little roll
This dream about the future,
May we all with heart and soul
A higher ideal nurture.

—High Pockets.



OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MAMIE WOZENCRAFT
<i>Vice-President</i>	MYLES BURTON
<i>Secretary</i>	HOWARD THOMAS
<i>Treasurer</i>	LUTA EVANS

Motto: *We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.*

Flower: *Violet.* Colors: *Blue and Orange.*

CLASS ROLL

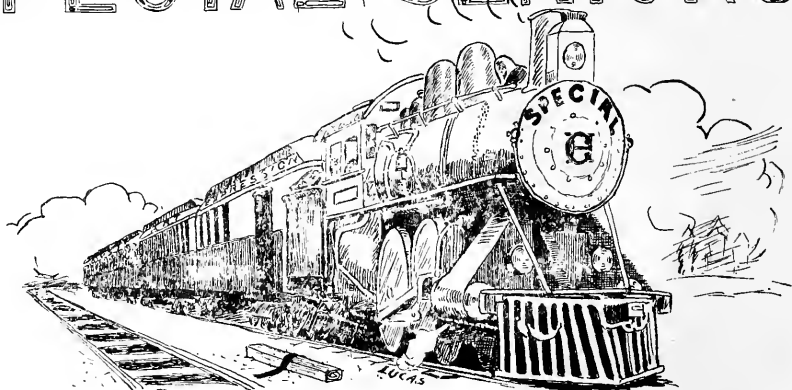
Alfred Blackman
 Key Johns
 Lafayette Wright
 Octavius Schooley
 Oscar Walker
 Reuben Reed
 Sam Ferguson
 Luta Evans
 Mamie Wozencraft
 Howard Thomas
 Myles Burton





Special

SPECIAL SENIORS



OFFICERS

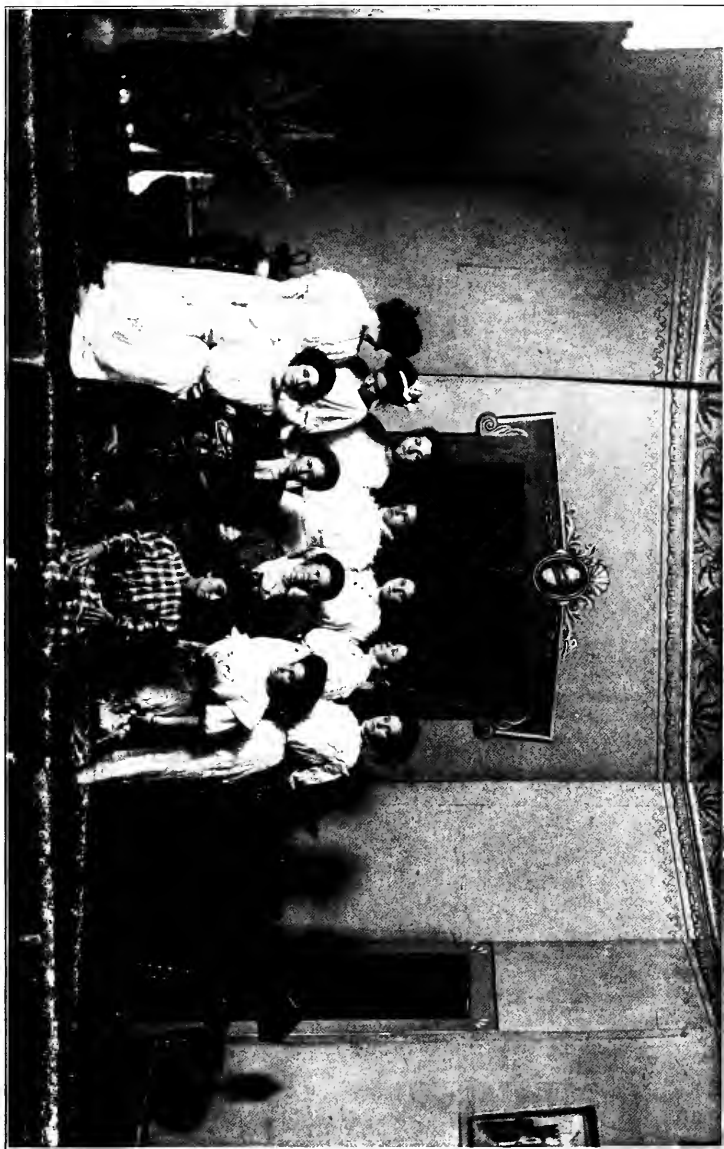
<i>Lady Manager</i>	MISS THORNHILL
<i>President</i>	ALCIE DEAN OLMSTEAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	LILLIAN LUCAS
<i>Secretary & Treasurer</i>	MARY STEEL

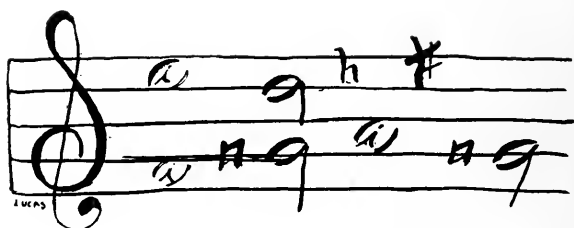
Flower: *White Carnation* Colors: *White and Green*
 Motto: *"Dare to be original."*

CLASS ROLL

Alcie Dean Olmstead	Nell Page
Lillian Lucas	Virginia Watson
Eva McClintock	Lou Clark
Bessie Percy	Mary Steel
Mary Williamson	

CHARACTERS IN THE SPECIAL SENIORS' PLAY "THE CHAPERONE."





MUSIC



Music Seniors

"Music is one of the Prophets Arts of all the gifts that God hath sent the most Magnificent."

TEACHERS

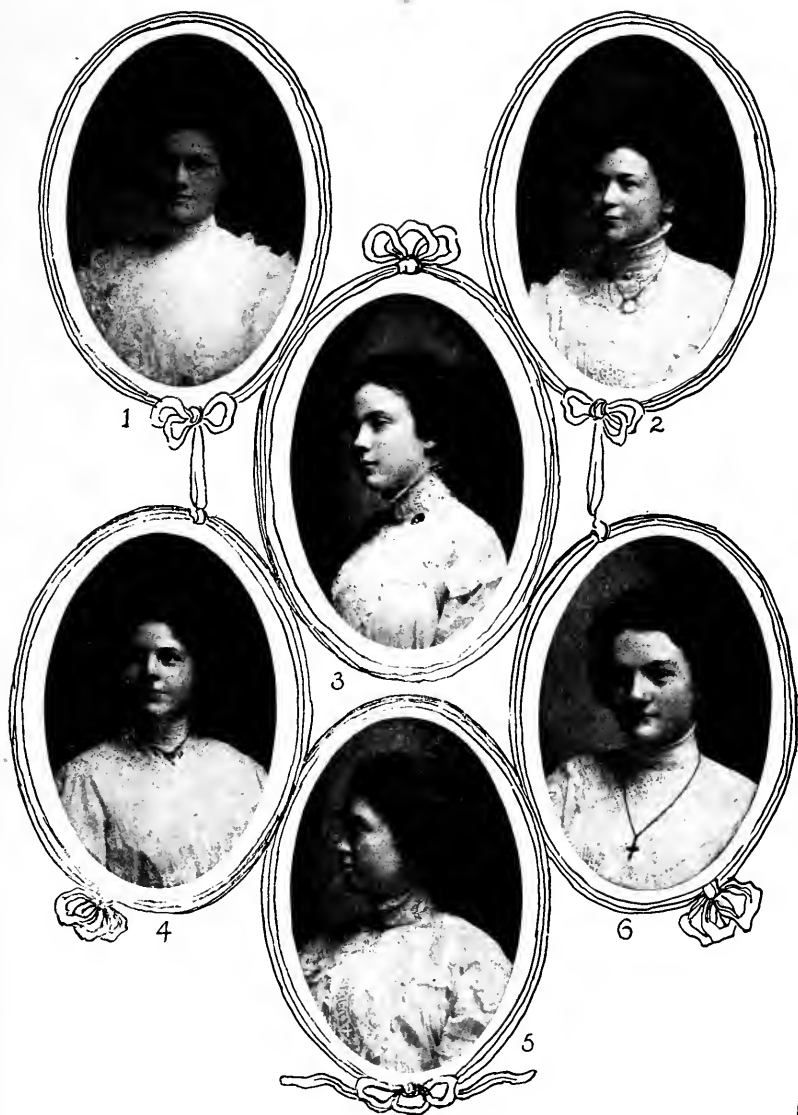
Miss Mai Wilson, Director

Miss A. O. Parke, Voice

Miss Eula Bussell, Piano

GRADUATES IN MUSIC

1. Miss Lou Clark, Arkadelphia, Ark., *Piano*
3. Miss Alcie Dean Olmstead, Beebe, Ark., *Piano*
6. Miss Mary Williamson, Benton, Ark., *Piano*
2. Miss Virginia Watson, Lake Village, Ark., *Piano*
4. Miss Bessie Percy, Onalaska, Texas, *Piano*
5. Miss Eva McClintock, Voice







Art Seniors

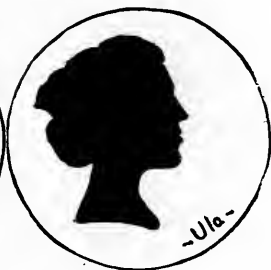
"Think what a power Art has been in civilizing the world."

GRADUATES IN ART

1. Miss Lillian Lucas, Morrilton, Arkansas
2. Miss Mary Steele, Lockesburg, Arkansas







Art Class

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>Lady Manager</i>	MISS McLAUGHLIN
<i>President</i>	LILLIAN LUCAS
<i>Vice-President</i>	BEVIE POOLE
<i>Secretary</i>	REA SCROGGIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANET HINEMON

Flower: *Pansy*

Colors: *Red, Yellow and Blue*

YELL

Palette and brush, palette and brush
We are the ones who work in a rush
Paint and oil, paint and oil
What do we in here but toil
Every one bright, every one smart
Where we surpass is in our art.

CLASS ROLL

Lillian Lucas	Bevie Poole
Rea Scroggin	Lena Murry
Janet Hinemon	Grace Croswell
Mamie Watson	Mary Steele
Kyle Fannin	Arline Wilson
Mable Wilkerson	Ula Moores



B. Paul

EXPRESSION

Expression Senior

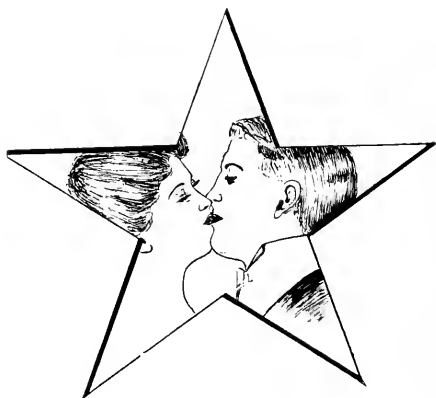


Nell Page, Poteau, Oklo.

Teacher, Miss Thornhill.



Nell Page
Poteau, Okla.





Maymie Watson



SPECIAL CLASS

Motto: Practice makes perfect.

Colors: Pink and green.

Flower: Pink carnation.

Yell: Hobble Gobble ah!

Hobble Gobble ee!

We are the Specials of old 'H.C.

Rough and Tough

We're the Stuff

Always eating and never get enough.

- OFFICERS -

President

Vice President

Secretary

Treasurer

Evelyn Goodwin

Lilla Lee Thommason

Ela Moores

Elna Cupp



Special Class

ROLL OF MEMBERS: EVELYN GOODWIN
 MORA LOU ALLEN
 BESSIE THOMPSON
 ESCA CHANDLER
 MAMIE WATSON
 MINNIE OWENS
 REA SCROGGIN
 KYLE FANNIN
 ROSE HENDRIX
GRACE DENNIS ALTA MAE WILLIAMS
EDNA RUTHERFORD
LILLA THOMASSON
ARLINE WILSON
LENA MURRY
AVA NORRIS
ELVA CUPP
MAE EVANS
ELSIE TAYLOR
HAZEL LOCKE
LAURA NEAL ULA MOORES



Special Class

Twenty-two Specials all in a line,
That is the class of Nineteen and nine.

Twenty-two Specials ready for the knocks
Which come with the knockers and come in flocks.

But the twenty-two Specials care not a bean
And always at work may they be seen.

Some of them sing, to others delight;
Some of them paint, sew or recite.

Others spend all of their time at school,
Sitting hour by hour on the piano stool.

So the knockers may come and the knockers may go
But the Specials will plow to the end of the row.

Twenty-two Specials all in a line,
That is the class of Nineteen and nine.

—Ula Moores.

Let Esca do the Singing,

And Mamie stir the Paint,

While Evelyn recites,

And Elva Cupp delights

In saying "Is it gone?"

And Am it ain't,

And Let the congregation rise

And raise their voices to the skies

To give the Specials all a toast,

So they themselves wont have to boast

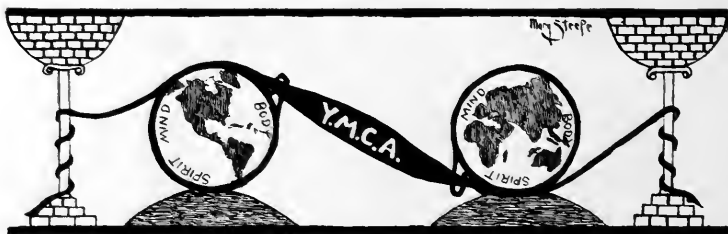
Of their great fame

And wondrous name.

—Ula Moores.



Clubs and Organizations





Cabinet Officers

<i>President</i>	(1) ROY JOHN
<i>Vice-President</i>	(2) JAMES EVANS
<i>Secretary</i>	(4) FRANK STEED
<i>Treasurer</i>	(3) WESLEY ROGERS

Committee Chairmen

<i>New Students</i>	(6) JOHN L. HUGHES
<i>Membership</i>	(7) LOUIS AGEE
<i>Religious Meetings</i>	(8) HORACE TAYLOR
<i>Bible Study</i>	(5) EDGAR DEAN
<i>Finance</i>	WESLEY ROGERS
<i>Missionary</i>	JAMES EVANS
<i>Music</i>	(9) RUFORD TURRENTINE
<i>Social</i>	(10) AUBREY TAYLOR

Mission Study Classes

PROF. B. S. FOSTER, *Normal Class Leader*

Wesley Rogers, *Leader*

Ned Atkins

John Ferguson

Gilbert Gilman

Allen Gilliam

Whiteford Mauldin

Earnest McNeal

Neshon Rogers, *Leader*

Lock Lane

Frank Steed

Horace Taylor

Aubrey Taylor

Guy Williams

Odem Walker

Roy Johns, *Leader*

Louis Agee

Clifton Atwood

Ellis Cupp

Charlie Haygood

Clack Martin

Norman Snapp

Howard Thomas

Tom Wright

Ruford Turrentine, *Leader*

Luther Beasley

Edgar Dean

Jim Evans

Ben Few

Roy Turrentine

Archie Williams

Clarence Parsons, *Leader*

John Crow

Fred Chadwick

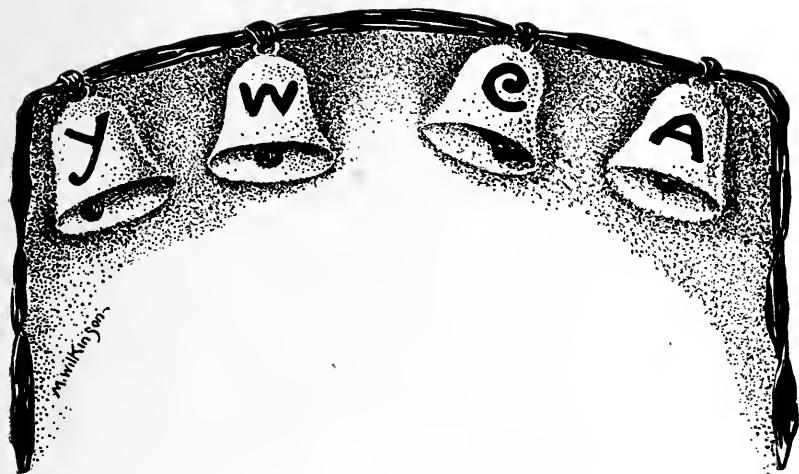
Horace Green

Dennis Gathwright

Fletcher Whitesides

Roll of Members

	Gilbert Gilman
	Allen Gilliam
	Louis Agee
	Luther Beasley
	John Bizzell
	Elvus Cupp
	Edgar Dean
	Roy Turrentine
Henry Hansford	Earnest McNeal
Skipwith Adams	Alfred Blackman
Lawrence Newberry	Prof. J. R. Haygood
Clarence Parsons	McFerrin Gibbs
Ruford Turrentine	Claude Zachry
Harry Henderson	Winfred Wozencraft
	John L. Hughes
	Odem Walker
	Frank Wright
	Floyd Drew
	James Evans
	Horace Green
	Chas. Haygood
	Hugh Hart
	Hugh Latimer
	Claude Murry
	Wayne Mann
	Clack Martin
	Prof. J. C. Rapp
	Verbon Rogers
	Charles Reid
	Frank Steed
	Abner Sage
	Horace Taylor
	Will Evans
	Aubrey Taylor
	Roy John
	Oscar Walker
	Key John
	Wesley Rogers



Young Woman's Christian Association

OFFICERS:

President (1) ... EMMIE HAYS
Vice-President (2) ... MARY STEELE
Secretary (3) ... LETA WRIGHT
Treasurer (4) ... ALICE HALTCM

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES:

Bible Study (5) ... Lillian Lucas
Mission Study (6) ... Nell Steed
Devotional (7) ... Elizabeth Williams
Finance (8) ... Beryl Henry
Music (9) ... Mary Williamson
Inter-collegiate (10) ... Waitie Butler
Social (11) ... May Hughes
Superintendent of Flower Garden (12) ... Ida Posey

Young Woman's Christian Association

THE Y. W. C. A. is really the most powerful of all organizations in Henderson College, since it is composed of nearly every member of the school and proves to be the bond of union between them all. In this organization are found prigs? By no means! Here are the brightest, happiest and most useful girls in all the school and those who stand highest in thought and scholarship.

The Y. W. C. A. was organized September 11, 1904, and since then has steadily grown both in membership and usefulness. A cabinet of twelve representative girls from their number looks after the needs of the organization and keeps in touch with the work of several of the sister colleges. These girls meet on Monday morning to attend to all the business and Wednesday for a short prayer service which is a great help in performing the duties of the week. The regular devotional meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, the first Sunday of each month being observed as Mission Sunday. Aside from this there are two Mission classes, which have done very satisfactory work in the study of foreign lands. The Bible study this year has been carried on in Sunday School in the name of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and no special classes have been organized as in past years.

MISSION STUDY

"The New Era in the Phillipines."--Lillian Lucas, Leader.

"Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom."--Elizabeth Williams, Leader.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Emmie Hays	Cleve Cathey	Vera Meade	Emily Lane
Ola Parker	Lillian Lucas	Rea Scroggin	Nell Steed
Nell Page	Ula Moores	Arline Wilson	Bess Hall
	Ora Hughes	Odie Mitchell	
	Lelia Mitchell	Mabel McNeal	
	Nina Williams	Irma Marshall	
	Christina Moore	Bonnie Burnett	
	Evelyn Goodwin	Justine Jenkins	
	Virginia Watson	Kate Mitchell	
	Eva McClintock	Mora Lee Allen	
	Nellie Hartsfield	Juanita Hinemon	
	Mabel Wilkinson	Ozella Richardson	
Bessie Thompson	Elsie Taylor	Mary Williamson	
Hester Wozencraft	Bessie Graves	Frankie O'Neal	
Alta Mae Williams	Ruth Percy	Mary Dunlap	
Mattie Lea Miller	Annie Shell	Alice Pipkin	
Mabel McEachern	Ray Kelley	May Hughes	
Alva Tarrant	Nelle Wells	Beryl Henry	
Minnie Owen	Ruth Kitley	Ruth Berry	
	Bessie Ward		
	Ola Hobson		



Ode to Mr. Jesse Rapp

See yon bold Teuton, dressed in blue,
With stove-pipe collar and tooth-pick
shoe!
Behold his sly, complacent smile,
And note his face unmarked by guile!
His beautiful form befits a sprite,
In tree or water, shimmering white;
Straight as a reed beside the Nile,
He walks erect in godly style:
When old Sol riseth to shed his rays
And drive away the morning haze,
Our hero grasps his little gun;
The birds are quiet the rabbits run
To seek a place in darksome shade,
Or ancient haunt in secret glade.
He kills them all, e'en little wren
And checks the beetle's buzzing spin.
At times, with care, his form he decks,
And even hunts the fairer sex.
'Tis then we see him as he is,
A ladies' man, a heartless quiz;
His loving smile doth cheer impart,
It breaketh many a tender heart.
O ancient man in ancient tub,
Wake, thou, thy soul, thy lantern rub!
Our hero merits thy earnest care;
Come, see this man, with mien so rare.





GARLAND

(Martin Garrison reads)

Wimberly - "The girl's spring uniforms are now being made. They are the Peter Thompson suit, and present quite an attractive and stylish appearance."

Thurk - "On October 4, 1910 - In Freshman Latin examinations the highest grade was made by Percy Turrentine of Arkadelphia, son of Rev. Archibald Turrentine, Little Rock Conference."

Wimberly - Here 's where the Philos entertained the Reddies on November 7, 1911, and the team was ushered in by Miss Mooney and the sargent at arms ---

(That scene - with the real Miss Mooney)

Wimberly - Do you know that ^{that} ~~they~~ poem ~~just read~~ was written by Alice Halton - Martha Thornton's mother.

Thurk - September 27, 1920 - "Philo-Garland Reception "

"The welcome address to new students was given by Charles W. Ripkin, a graduate of 1918. The Philo-Garland literary societies are indeed proud to claim a young man of such intellectual power, passing such a rare oratorical ability and an unusually remarkable personality as their brother - He is a W. A. Graduate of Vanderbilt and is working on his Phd. at Harvard!"

Wimberly - ha ha "Matt Ellis, football team manager, accompanied the team to Conway last week. He was called "Manager Mother Matt." And by the way did you know that he was a good ole Garland and his wife Daisy Belle Wepfer was a Philo...

(rest to be arranged)



— Jeonette Hinemon —

GARLAND

Introduction: Dan Nall - Garland
Mary Nell Turner - Philo

Vernon Turk and Dorothy Wimberly are on the stage looking through old Oracles and annuals.

Turk - Wonder what they did in meetings in those days?

Wimberly - Why here's a Philo meeting - let's read it together...

(Philo meeting in background)

Turk: February 16, 1909 -- a Garland meeting ----

(Short scene)

Turk - There were many appropriate quotations given ----(use trumpet to go whooooooooo)

Turk - Here's where we rubbed Centenary College at Shreveport in the dust - 83 - 0.....

Wimberly - But here's where we scored an easy victory over Ouachita 88-29.....

(Backstage starts to yell while Emmarene starts to play --got that old Reddie spirit)

Turk - (giggling) A chaffing dish party - what on earth?

Wimberly - "Why those were the thing in those days - Judy English has one in the dormitory...

(Chaffing dish party in background) *oh! was in Philo meeting*

Turk - (reading) " At tonite's Garland meeting we will have a humorous reading by none other than Tom Clark -"

(Martin Garrison reads)

Wimberly - "The girl's spring uniforms are now being made. They are the Peter Thompson suit, and present quite an attractive and stylish appearance."

Turk - "On October 4, 1910 - In Freshman Latin examinations the highest grade was made by Percy Turrentine of Arkadelphia, son of Rev. Archilas Turrentine, Little Rock Conference."

Wimberly - Here 's where the Philos entertained the Reddies on November 7, 1911, and the team was ushered in by Miss Mooney and the sargent at arms ---

(That scene - with the real Miss Mooney)
that

Wimberly - Do you know that ~~they~~ poem just-read was written by Alice Halton - Martha Thornton's mother.

Turk - September 27, 1920 - "Philo-Garland Reception "

"The welcome address to new students was given by Charles W. Pipkin, a graduate of 1918. The Philo-Garland literary societies are indedd proud to claim a young man of such intellectual power, passing such a rare oratorical ability and an unusually remarkable personality as their brother - He is a M. A. graduate of Vanderbilt and is working on his Phd. at Harvard!" *and called*

Wimberly - ha ha "Matt Ellis, football team manager, accompanied the team to Conway last week. He was called "Manager Mother Matt." And by the way did you know that he was a good ole Garland and his wife Daisy Belle Wepfer was a Philo...

(rest to be arranged)

Vernon Turk and Dorothy Wimberly are on the stage looking through old Oracles and annuals.

Turk - "Wonder what they did in meetings in those days?"

Wimberly - "Why here's a Philo meeting - let's read it together..."

(Philo meeting in background)

Turk: February 16, 1909 - a Garland meeting -----

(Short scene)

Turk - There were many appropriate quotations given -----(use trumpet to go whoooooooooooo)

Turk - Here's where we rubbed Centenary College at Shreveport in the dust - 83 - 0.....
Wimberly - But here's where we scored an easy victory over Ouachita 88-29.....

(Backstage starts to yell while Emmerene starts to play --got that old Reddie spirit)

Turk - (giggling) A chaffing dish party - what on earth?

Wimberly - "Why those were the thing in those days - Judy English has one in the dormitory..."

(Chaffing dish party in background)

Turk - (reading) " At tonite's Garland meeting we will have a humorous reading by none other than Fom Clark -"



Garland Literary Society

[Organized 1905]

PRESIDENTS SINCE ORGANIZATION

1906

Cyrus Brown

James Patterson

Thomas Harkins

Farrar Newberry

1907

James Mehaffy

Harry Henderson

Skipwithe Adams

Cyrus Brown

1908

Elbert Edwards

Dudley Tull

Paul S. Powell

Vernon Jean

1909

Hugh Hart

Whiteford Mauldin

McFerrin Gibbs

Harry Henderson

Motto: *"LET us work upward."*



Garland Debaters

Garland Debaters and Declaimers

DEBATERS 1906	{ Farrar Newberry—winner Thomas Harkins
DECLAIMERS 1906	{ Skipwithe Adams James Mehaffy Cyrus Brown
DEBATERS 1907	{ Skipwithe Adams—winner Paul S. Powell
DECLAIMERS 1907	{ James Mehaffy—winner Dudley Tull Harry Henderson
DEBATERS 1908	{ James Mehaffy—winner Paul S. Powell
DECLAIMERS 1908	{ Hugh Hart—winner Elbert Edwards Dudley Tull
DEBATERS 1909	{ Hugh Hart Harry Henderson
DECLAIMERS 1909	{ Gus Brown Edmond Patterson Thomas G. Clark



Garland Literary Society

ROLL OF MEMBERS:

Skipwith W. Adams	Lock Love
Louis Agee	Clack Martin
Ned P. Atkins	William Massey
Clifford Atwood	Laron Mathews
Gus Brown	Whiteford Mauldin
Key John	Guy Williams
Roy Bond	Clarence McClellan
Jehu Crow	Earnest McNeal
Grady Culbert	Claude Murry
Thomas G. V. Clark	Lawrence Newberry
Roy Dougan	Edmond Patterson
Floyd Drew	Ed Roberts
John Ferguson	Thomas O. Rorie
McFerrin Gibbs	Charles Reid
Gilbert Gillman	Reuben Reed
Allen Gilliam	J. Robert Sevier
Jim Hammond	Norman Snapp
Hugh D. Hart	Aubrey Taylor
Charles Haygood	P. Horace Taylor
J. Harry Henderson	Frank Williams
Wright Hogan	Thomas Wright
John L. Hughes	Archie Williams



Magnus Equus

Look to thy laurels, Winged Horse!
Thou perchance may lose 'em
Another species we endorse,
Our Latin students use 'em.
When we ride these noble steeds,
We live with less of trouble;
They satisfy our urgent needs,
E'en though we ride 'em double.

They bear the Seniors stiff and staid;
They heed the common call;
And nightly make a secret raid,
'Gainst Caesar's ancient Gaul.
Let Hector's fight their bloody wars,
Or kings make kingdoms larger,
A hero fain would charge the stars,
On this Nocturnal charger.



UPSILON PHI

Upsilon Phi Literary Society

Colors: *Black and Old Gold*

Flower: *Marechal Neil Rose*

Motto: *Strive to emulate, to excel.*

PRESIDENTS 1908-'09

First Quarter Jennie Watson

Second Quarter Jennie Watson

Third Quarter Alva Tarrant

Fourth Quarter Annie Scott Evans



Upsilon Phi Literary Society.

THE UPSILON Phi needs no eulogy. Yet all over our beautiful land her members rise up to bless her. Some one has truly said; "Once a Upsilon Phi, always a Upsilon Phi."

Like the sweet toned violin, our society grows better with age.

Since its organization in 1895 it has exerted one of the most ennobling influences in the college life. A true spirit for mental culture and advancement has been characteristic of its members. The social side has not been neglected.

From the halls of the cherished Upsilon Phi have gone forth writers, singers, painters, musicians, and man's best friends—cooks.

The secret of the success attained by each member is expressed in the society motto, "To strive, to emulate, to excel."

Upsilon Phi

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Ruth Berry	Nellie Hartsfield
Esca Chandler	Mary Dunlap
Annie Scott Evans	Mamie Watson
Edith Garrett	Margaret Henderson
Mittie Grace Mahan	Lucy McGee
Ruth Percy	Oddie Mitchell
Ola Parker	May Evans
Claudia Turrentine	Kate Baggott
Lilla Lee Thomasson	Ozella Richardson
Mabel Wilkinson	Alcie Dean Olmstead
Ora Hughes	Lutie Evans
Maggie Bruce	Frankie O'Neal
Justine Jenkins	Inez McDuffie
Bessie Thompson	Hester Wozencraft
Mamie Wozencraft	Annie Sharp
Queen Bess Hall	Lela Mitchell
Mildred Gerig	Laura Neal
Ruth Wilson	Theresa Henderson
Mimie Perdue	Johnnie Henderson
Alva Tarrant	Waitie Butler
	Annie Shell
	Virginia Watson

Toast to

Henderson

O, raise the wine and see it
shine
And drink a jolly toast;
Let others drink and vainly
think,
And of their poweress boast.

A toast to all from college
hall
To those that hover round;
O, sound a note from nature's
throat,
Or raise an Angel sound.

O, ladies fair with shining
hair,
Who light these ancient halls,
May your sweet smiles our
cares beguile,
'Till Sol from Heaven falls.

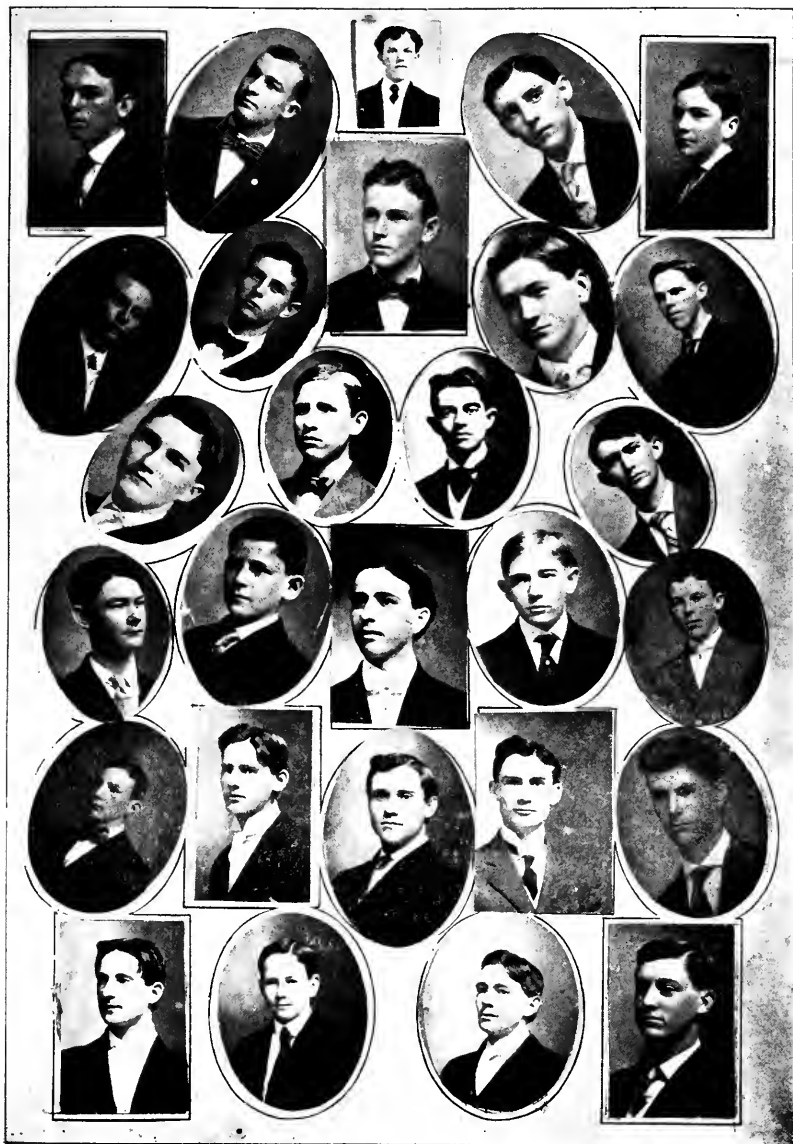
A toast to thee, O Faculty,
Who utter truths sublime;
Long life to thee, with jollity,
And wedding bells to chime.

May Heaven's light, divinely
bright,
Make clear our lowly way;
May he above, in tender love,
Prolong our earthly stay.

—Frank McCarroll







Gamma Sigma

Luther C. Beasley
Vernon Bruce

Verbon Rogers
Frank W. Steed

Chesley K. Culp
Edgar L. Dean

Percy Turrentine
Ruford Turrentine

Olin Evans
Will Evans

Roy Turrentine
Howard Thomas

Ray Bass
Jim Evans

Lawrence W. Rogers
J. Abner Sage

Dennis Cathwright
Allen Gatling

Ed Trice
O. Lafayette Walker

Frank Gerig
Earl Graham

Oscar Walker
Marvin Warlick

Marvin Hollemon
Roy John

Fletcher W. Whiteside
John Woods

Arthur Love
Hugh Latimer

Winfred Wozencraft
Frank Wright

J. Wayne Mann
Frank McCarroll

Lafayette Wright
Robt. Zachry

Walter McCarroll
J. Clarence Parsons

Horace J. Green
W. Henry[Hansford]

J. Wesley Rogers

Ben C. Few

History of Gamma Sigma Literary Society



NO MORE pleasant task can come to the historian than to write of those he can praise for their nobility of character and their achievements in public and private life. Such is the character of the men who have gone out from Henderson College as members of the Gamma Sigma Literary Society that he who writes of them need not be ashamed of his task nor be in any trouble as to what he shall say of them. The men who are at the head of affairs in church, state and business afford a good subject for any man whatever purpose he may have in writing.

The history of this society, both public and private is written in the lives of her members. The threads of her life are inseparably inter-woven with theirs.

The Gamma Sigma has been in existence almost from the founding of the college. It was organized by a few young men who realized the advantages to be gained in literary society work. Until the organization of another society for young men in the school scarcely a young man, who made any pretensions at all of doing earnest work, entered the school without feeling the influence of this society. From this society men have gone out to every part of the state, to other states, and to other schools so that it wields an influence in a constantly widening circle.

In 1905 a part of the society's members went out to form the Garland Literary Society as the needs of the school demanded another society. The most cordial relations are maintained between the two societies.

The society has had a liberal membership throughout its existence and the standard of work has been high. As it has had for its members and officers such men as Robert McSwain, Burrows Head, C. J. Green, R. W. Huie Jr., O. A. Graves, Robert C. Rhodes, Moffet Rhodes and Carl Easterling it is not to be wondered that, through all the misfortunes and difficulties of the school, the society continued its existence without interruption.

Besides these we have mentioned there are many of her members who are helping to swell the ranks of the good citizenship of the country and we have men in other schools who are confidently expected to reflect honor on her name.

There is no surer measure for the work of an institution than the character of men it turns out. The Gamma Sigma will stand or fall by this measure. What her future shall be depends entirely upon the men who make up her active membership.

J. C. PARSONS.

"The First Oration Against Scrub."

Ye who think that the power of oratory is declining at Henderson, who think that it is only represented by the scintillating wit and pompous adjectives of "Zeke" the forceful logic and soaring periods of Skip, and the slow, lumbering appeals of those lesser lights, "Ham" Gillman and "Ram" McClellan, know then that the power of invective is not wanting, nor freedom in denouncing the misdeeds of evil doers, and give ear while I tell how "Scrub" was denounced for his rampant puppy love, and his sickening honey-sweet wooing of the fair sex.

Not like the blushing, stuttering "Ham,"
Nor like the blubbering, puffing "Ram,"
But in the style of Odem Highpockets,
Soaring upward like flashing sky-rockets.

To begin at the beginning: the Gamma Sigma Literary Society had invited those lordly proteges of Minerva, those others favored of the gods, the commissioned officers, to attend one of their meetings. Everybody was there; Dean and "Turp" on the front seat looking like an old-fashioned print of the early church fathers, "Skip" and "Zeke" near by, both trying to look like Daniel Webster about to deliver his Bunker Hill oration and both looking—very natural; Miss Butler with her hair curled, Miss Wright looking demure as usual and Major Gibbs looking at his girl. Emmie Hayes wore with emphasis that placid "Ain't I good" expression she so delights in.

Then the fun began. Olin Evans recited "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." His theory for the apparent pig-headedness of the youngster was that a ball game was in progress on the shore thus attracting his attention.

Odem Highpockets read a "Eulogy on a Dead Owl." The bird in question was shot by Prof. "Hoot."

Frank McCarroll read a humorous story recounting the doings of Count Skipo Adamsky at the home of Doctor Tarrant. They married and lived happy ever afterwards. I mean the Count and the Doctor's daughter. Whereas Beryl Henry shed two great hysterical tears, May Huges giggled aloud and Christina Moore, awaking from a nap, rubbed her eyes exclaiming, "Where am I."

Quiet having been restored, Marvin Warlick began his oration against "Scrub." Verily he did orate much. He was truly Ciceronian and did lambast the aforesaid "Scrub" unmercifully not even Catiline for all his sins was worse treated.

Wirelessgrams

FOR THE past year Dr. Titius Gracchus Mauldin has maintained at his own expense a complete apparatus of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph system in his private office halls at Cottage No. 1. He has kept the school in complete and instant touch with Duchie Peabody, now on Mars, and has been a source of much interesting news to the Associated Press enroute on his extensive aerial voyages. Following are a few brief extracts of messages sent at various times of the year:

All is well today, except that Mr. Proctor took another owl hunt yesterday, and while perambulating along the banks of the Ouachita, lost his footing and would have drowned had not his frantic cries for help hastily brought Miss Bussell to the spot. She pulled him out by the hair, the result is that he hasn't any since.

P. Horace Taylor was stung by a "woist" in "Tuckson" Arizona last week. A severe case of impraesario has set in and doubtless one eye will of necessity have to be amputated.

The oratorical contest between Skip Adams, Ram McClellan, Hugh Hart and Ham Gilliam was a great success. Gilliam won in a walk. Hart and McClellan were easily put out of the race, but Adams delivered a masterpiece, and was beaten only a few points by Gilliam's superb delivery.

Some base ingrate borrowed Pres. Hinemon's four-barrelled shot gun last Friday, broke the trigger, and bringing it home did not even thank him for its use. "Now what do you think of this?" It is "despicable ingratitude."

More trouble today. While walking down the street this morning Ulysses met Ben Few and mistaking him for Polyphemus his old time enemy, he feared revenge would be sought. He immediately drew his stiletto and struck him dead. We get a "lay off" today.

Mr. Rapp, in company with Nimrod and Jock Cerebeus, left last week with Ted Roosevelt on his African hunt. Latest reports from the dark continent are that he has been captivated by a Zulu damsel, and his return is doubtful. Miss Cora Wilson collapsed on hearing the news, and physicians say that she is in a critical state.

A great tragedy occurred at noon. Aubrey Taylor made a bold attempt in broad open daylight to steal away the Diamond King's daughter, but in tossing pebbles against the window was heard and shot at by King Jake. The boy made an heroic attempt to escape, but in his haste fell headlong into the oil well. Everything is in mourning.

Miss Cora Wilson has just completed her latest novel. She sent me the first chapter to read. It is quite sentimental, starting off: "The villian Gymnrsium Jim, entered the college dining room, and seizing a fork stabbed a poached egg, and heartlessly watched it bleed to death."

Mr. Hinemon let the contract this morning for draining the Mediterranean Sea into the Soudan Desert. Squat Parsons has the contract. There is no "grafting" in the deal.

Miss Parke, while returning late Saturday evening with a pail of milk met up with Edward VII. His Majesty hailed her and they began a lively conversation, and sad to say, Ed drank the milk and immediately went on a stampede. Mr. Foster attempted to interfere but was hastily dispatched by the Prince of Wales.

Miss Thornhill and Lafayette Wright were seen yachting on the Ouachita last week and have not been heard of since. It is rumored that James Raymond Haygood capsized the boat through jealousy. The last seen they were near the place where the Ouachita empties into the Styx. Miss McLaughlin was sent on a searching tour, but latest communications are that she was unwilling to pay Charon the three cent ferry toll and has returned.

Mr. Mitchell eloped last night with Carrie Nation. They were last seen at twelve o'clock at Daleville going north. Although this was a surprise to some, we hope Mrs. Nation will reform Prof. John in the use of cigarettes.

The chorus met as usual last night. At the close the audience was to be entertained with a baritone solo by Miss Parke. But they couldn't, so they left.

Mrs. Borden was seen carrying on quite a flirtation with old Chief Geronimo. She will be court martialed today. Rush this in.

At a reception last night Bishop Hansford became overbalanced and toppled over into the punch bowl. His heartrending cries for help attracted all to the spot of the catastrophe. But they came too late; he was found seated in Beryl Henry's lap gasping "Saved," "Saved."



PHILOMATHEAN

Philomathean Literary Society

MOTTO: "To live and learn and be all that does
not harm distinctive womanhood."

PRESIDENTS

First Quarter Leta Wright

Second Quarter May Hughes

Third Quarter Lena Key

Fourth Quarter Ida Posey



Roll of Members

Mora Lou Allen	Marguerite Burton	Mattie Lea Miller
Bonnie Burnett	Grace Crosswell May	Hughes Lena Key
Elizabeth Willians		Ruby Mendenhall
Mary Williamson		Alta Mae Williams
Nina Williams		Mable McEachern
Arline Wilson		Ethel Spragins
Clevie Cathey		Alice Pipkin
Minnie Owens		Mable McNeil
Ava Norris		Lena Murry
Lillie Parks		Mary Steel
Bessie Kaufman		Lillian Lucas
Jauet Hinemon		Beryl Henry
Emmie Hays	Bess Graves	Lou Clark Alice Haltom
Rose Hendrix	Evelyn Gcodwin	Elva Cupp Ula Hale
Ada Kennon		Ruth Kately
Grace Dennis		
Annie S. Foster		
Ola Hobson		
Nell Steed		
Emily Lane		
Leta Wright		
Irma Marshall		
Vera Meade		
Ula Moores		
Nell Page		
Bevie Poole		
Ida Posey		
Rea Scroggins		
Juanita Hinemon		
Christina Moore		

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A Modern Nimrod

'Twas on one dismal winter day
 The snowy flakes did fall
 When Robert snatched his gun in haste
 With looks that froze us all.
 He followed Grady through the snow
 His lip compressed and firm
 His gun grasped tight, his head bent low
 Old Nimrod's fame he'd spurn.

His gun points out a daring owl
 Perched high upon a limb
 The hunter's voice drops to a growl,
 "Now watch me silence him."
 With steady arm and flashing eye
 He levels on the bird.
 "Dark Harbinger, now you shall die
 'Twas your hoo! hoo! I heard."

The faithful gun spurts forth a flame,
 A sharp report resounds
 The gunner sees the height of fame
 His pleasure knows no bounds
 Until his guide has raised the yell
 "The bird's been dead an hour"
 The hunter's head then sadly fell,
 He crept back to his bower.



A Scene on Scalawag Hall

S CALAWAG Hall was quiet and all its inmates in slumber, and when suddenly they were all awakened by loud giggling and laughing. Alva Tarrant arose, her face wreathed in serious frowns, and started forth to locate the noise. It was soon discovered in room No. 310 where Mrs. Borden and Miss Park were visiting Misses Bussell and McLaughlin and enjoying a midnight feast. Miss Tarrant called a meeting of the hall judges, viz: Alice Pipkin, Vera Meade, Mittie Grace Mahan, Inez McDuffie, and Annie Shell. They met in Chairman Pipkin's room with grave and austere faces, and decided that each of the criminals should copy the Declaration of Independence five hundred times and be reported to the office.

When judgment was pronounced upon the guilty, Mrs. Borden went sobbing to her room, Miss Park and Miss Bussell stopped in the middle of their barn-dancing and sought their respective beds, while Miss McLaughlin, with tears running down her plump cheeks, seized her Bible and sought eagerly for the 21st Chapter of Elijah.



SCALAWAG HALL

When the lights go out on Scalawag Hall
Then the fun begins for each and all;
 And hippety hep,
 With fantastic step
The Scalawags start the midnight ball.
With a pickle in mouth and cracker in hand
Chewing and laughing go the happy band,
 Till their feet drag slow
 As tired they grow,
And they seek their beds without word or command.
There they snooze and sleep till the morning bell clear
Peals forth its command but not a sound do they hear,
 And awake just in time
 To catch up with the line,
And eat their breakfast like a ravenous bear.



CALAWAG HALL

Colors: chocolate & cream

Flower: cat tails

Motto: come early & stay late

President: Leta Wright

Treasurer: Laura Neal

Secretary Vera Meade

Reporter Mittie Grace Mahan

Dish-washers Ula Moores

Inez M^cDuffie

members

Nell Steed

Ida Posey

Mittie Grace Mahan

Ruth Kitey

Bonnie Burnett

Wattie Butler

Mora Lu Allen

Ula Moores

Vera Meade

Alice Pipkin

Alva Tarrant

Annie Shell

Leta Wright

Patty Lucas

Aldie Dean Olmstead

Laura Neal

Bevie Poole

Inez M^cDuffie

Jennie Watson

Mamie Watson

"John Quincy" (deceased)

LUCAS.

A Vision Fair

One night I lay a dreaming,
I dreamed a dream so fair;
I made a trip to Henderson
To see my old friends there.

I climb the central stairway,
I make a sudden sally,
I find myself in Paradise;
At least I'm on the Alley.

I visit May and Beryl,
Seniors both are these;
They tell me of "Hun Darlin',"
Miss Thornhill, (the whole cheese.)

I visit Chris and Mary.
Now they are Seniors, too,
But just the same they tell me
Of "Davy Pig" and Hugh.

Cleve and Irma next I meet
And Irma begins to bawl:
"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never loved at all."

"Cow" Haltom next I visit—
She rooms all by herself.
She's mourning for old "Simpkins"—
This tiny little elf.

Ruth and Bessie bid me welcome
In their same old jolly way.,
They tell me of "that Norval Man,"
And Massey's famous play.

Then turning next to Alta Mae
And Rae, alas! alack!
I hear accounts of C. C. Reid
And "Military" Clack.

I come into my own room
Glad of a chance to rest.
I try to choose among these girls
Which one I love the best.

But ah! my dream is broken
By a step upon the stair.
The door is softly opened;
Mrs. Borden's standing there.

"Get to your work immediately!"
Now what do you think of that?
'Twas just a vision, nothing more—
And I was merely "at."



Paradise Alley Club

President Mary Steele
Vice-President Alice Haltom
Secretary Irma Marshall
Treasurer Beryl Henry

MEMBERS

May Hughes
 Christina Moore
 Cleve Cathey
 Mary Williamson
 Mattie Lea Miller
 Rea Scroggin
 Alta Mae Williams
 Bessie Pearcy
 Ruth Pearcy

Mary Steele



The Lovely Five

The Lovely Five

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores. lend me your ears. I come not to enjoy myself but to extol the virtues of the "Lovely Five."

Here under the leave of "Coot"—for "Coot is a lovely lad—so are they all lovely lads—come I to speak of "Coot," "Dock," "Batsy," "Alphabet" and "Gar." They are a noble band—studious, very handsome and they have chosen to call themselves lovely. If it were so, it were a lovely virtue and sure they are a lovely band.

You all do not know how at the Senior Bazaar each lad and lass did cast their vote. And it came to pass that "Coot" was declared the most popular boy in Henderson. Doth this in "Coot" seem lovely? Yet they themselves do say that they are lovely. And surely they must know.

Ah, friends, if I were disposed to move your hearts to covetousness I would tell you now of "Dock." But you in turn would want to join the Second Academic Class, of which class he is a most loyal member. I choose rather to tell you next of "Batsy."

No one has seen anyone half so lovely; no one hath seen anyone who could sell the "Century Book of Facts" half so well. Yea, verily this youth did brave the perils of a book-agent's life and journey forth to earn some coin. Does this in "Batsy" seem lovely? But surely "Batsy" knows.

If you have smiles to cast, cast them now. Here is "Alphabet." I remember how he once was called "Shiner." He is a stalwart lad. He, too, has been called lovely. That he, like "Dock," is loyal cannot be denied. How doth he love the Second Academic Class. Five years hath his name graced the roll, and so 'twill be for ages.

Behold "Gar." This is the loveliest of them all. His mouth has been likened unto the finny tribe. For he is a lovely lad. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to such a burst of admiration. That they are lovely they do say themselves.

What gross conceptions they have had alas! I do not know. They choose to call themselves the "Lovely Five," and will no doubt, continue thus to think.

—Mattie Lea Miller.

Commissioned Officers

Commandant

COL. J. H. HINEMON

Cadet Major

McFERRIN GIBBS

Capt. Co. A., E. L. DEAN

Capt. Co. B., S. W. ADAMS

1st. Lieut. and Adjutant

LOUIS AGEE

1st. Lieut. Co. A., L. C. BEASLEY

2d Lieut. Co. A., MARVIN HOLLEMON

1st. Lieut. Co. B., G. R. TURRENTINE

2d. Lieut. Co. B., HUGH D. HART

2d Lieut. and Quartermaster

AUBREY TAYLOR

2d Lieut. and Bugler

ROY J. DOUGAN

3d. Lieut. Co. A., J. HARRY HENDERSON

3d. Lieut. Co. B., J. CLARENCE PARSONS.





My Castle

'Tis wondrous fair
This castle of air,
That I see in my visions and dreams.
Not a blemish of fault
From the roof to the vault,
Can be found in my castle, it seems.

'Tis a place of repose;
There my weary soul goes;
And my trials and cares flee away.
I, listening, can hear
Music, soft, sweet and clear;
And I murmur, "If I could but stay."

I have often been there—
To this castle of air—
In fact some say 'tis my care
To spend a good part
Of my time and my art,
To build this castle of air.

—Mattie Lea Miller.

Grinning Batsy

O, for a thousand tongues to sing
Our grinning Batsy's praise;
'Tis far beyond the power of poet
To sing in heavenly lays,
Or angel choir,
The heavenly note to raise.

Appollo's lyre attains it not,
Cecilia's organ seems
Unworthy of the mighty task;
Scotch harpers can but dream
Or dimly fancy,
This mortal man supreme.

Our Batsy rides the Winged Horse,
O'er sea and fertile fields.
He fights a Chimera, bold and brave,
Behind a godly shield;
With stroke of death
A mighty blade he wields.

What though the world doth mock and laugh
It thus will not be long;
Bold Batsy heedeth not the laugh,
But meets it with a song,
And broadly smiles,
At all who do him wrong.

His smile doth cheer a million hearts,
Who need these smiling balms;
'Tis better than a sermon great,
Or one of David's Psalms.
This great physic
Their troubled minds doth calm.

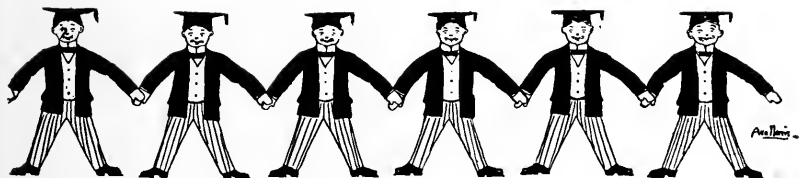
But Batsy hath an only fault.
'Tis not that he is stupid,
Nay, 'tis this, he's an easy mark
For the piercing darts of Cupid.
But when he falls
'Tis not with spirits drooped.

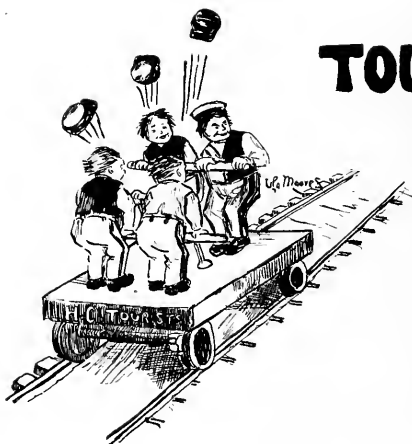
He smileth at the ladies fair
From morning until night.
And verily they cherish love
For this, our noble knight
 And wag their heads
At such a handsome sight.

What prettier sight can greet the eye,
Than he in uniform.
His face would grace an eastern court
Or calm an ocean's storm:
 And vile the man
Who dares to do him harm.

Smile on, thou dreamer, evermore,
There's power in that grin;
The power to win a lovely prize
Or soothe the wrath of men.
 O, stay it not,
Though many fortunes spin.

—Frank McCarroll





TOURISTS CLUB

Tourists Club

MOTTO: *"I don't care if I never get back."*

FLOWER: *Wandering Jew*

SONG: *"Show me the way to get home"*

"I ain't going home 'till morning."

ROLL OF MEMBERS

"Pike" Chadwick	"Zeke" Hart	"Batsy" Murry
"Uncle Jesse" Rapp		"Scrub" Gerig
"Coot O'Connor" Brown	"Circuit Rider" Brown	
"Ram" McClellan		

Honorary Members

(Because of Distinguished Exploits)

Prof. "Hoot" Proctor

"Blondie" Dougan

TRIPS TAKEN BY MEMBERS

"Pike" Chadwick To Texas to get Married
"Zeke" Hart, "Batsy" Murry, "Hubby" Wright
..... To "Ole Mississipp" to Sell Books.
"Uncle Jesse" Rapp Hunting at Red Fork
"Scrub" Gerig To the Diamond Fields.
"Blondie" Dougan To Paradise (When he got privileges)
"Coot O'Connor" Brown Everywhere to Play Ball
"Circuit Rider" Brown To the Kansas Wheat Fields
"Ram" McClellan To Salt Lake City

FAVORITE MODES OF TRANSPORTATION

Side-door Pullmans, Flat Cars, The Blind Baggage, The Rods,
"Vim Pedum" and Hand Cars.

PERIODICALS

"Die Wanderluste," Uncle Zeke, Editor.

"Bum's Review," "Zeke" and "Coot," Editors.

WRITINGS OF MEMBERS

"My Experiences as a Married Man." By "Pike." This work will commend itself to all Henderson students, as the author is well known to all of them. Others are advised to profit by his example and "be sure you have caught your rabbit, before you prepare to have soup."

"Wild Animals I Have Not Met." By "Uncle Jesse." This book is by a "mighty hunter before the Lord" Judge it for yourself.

"Owl Shooting in Henderson." By "Prof. Hoot." This great authority on the subject is too well known to need introduction. We leave the reader to judge for himself.

"Hoofing it in Ole Mississipp'." By "Zeke." The real experiences of a real book agent. We are sorry that he has forsworn the book business and taken up patent medicine.

"The Books I Didn't Sell." By "Hubby." Mama's boy in the book business.

"How to Avoid Bulldogs." By "Batsy." "Keep on the other side of the fence" is the very pertinent advice of the author.

"Ninety Days in Kansas." By "Circuit Rider Gus." "The Tale of a Wheatbird." Smells of hay and rattles like a steam thrasher.

"My Mormon Father-in-Law." By "Ram" with introduction by "Lawyer Adams." Must be read to be appreciated.

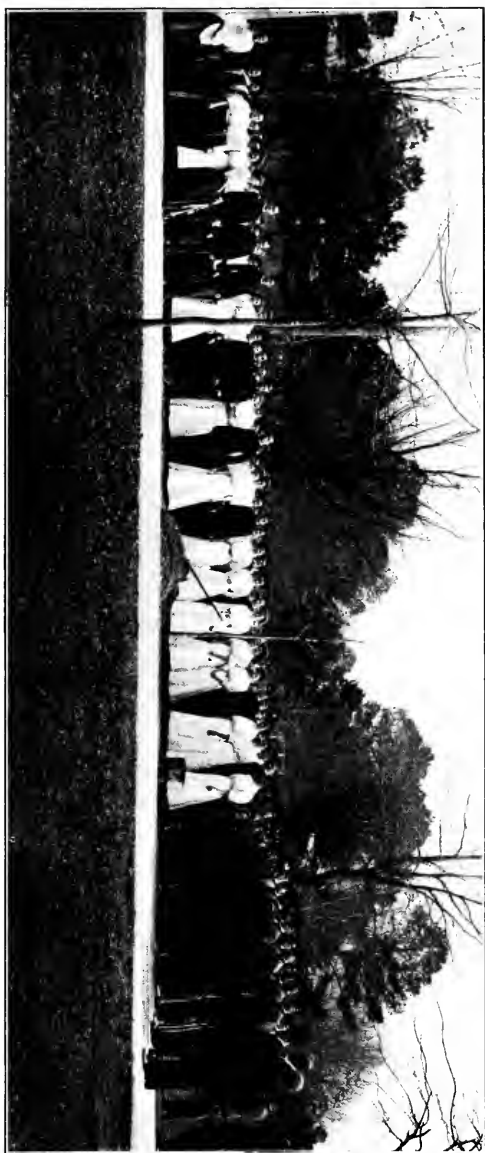
Seniors Plant Class Tree

AS a part of the tree planting exercises, Mr. Hugh D. Hart, president of the Senior Class, delivered an address, from which the following excerpts are taken:

The occasion which brings us together at this appointed hour is a most serious one. We have gathered together beneath this "spacious temple of the firmament" to plant this tree, which in years to come when we have long since passed forever from those portals yonder, shall rear its stately head toward heaven and with branches extended, shall testify in mute eloquence, that we once were here. * * * At this period of our lives we love to peer forth into the magic future; we strive to formulate some system of philosophy, or some philosophy of life, by which our footsteps may be guided in pleasant pathways, and whose protection will prevent our being hurled to destruction against some hidden reef. In history, and indeed in our own experiences, we have seen young men and young women start forth upon their earthly pilgrimages, with hopes and prospects as auspicious as our own; some of them however, we have seen to gaze intently upon the star of Fame; they fain would pluck it from the constellation it adorns: but when they have seized it in their grasp, the alluring charm of its luster has vanished forever, and they, failing to find happiness in Fame and earthly honor, have spent their remaining days chasing other stars, which phantomlike seemed to beckon them from still more lofty heights. Then too, we have watched the erring courses of others, who have become intoxicated upon the lucious wine of pleasure. We have seen the mantle of respect fall from their shoulders, as in their wild delirium they have forgotten reputation and have sacrificed honor upon the idolatrous shrine of their devotion, until their dreams were only of that narrow empire which men call "self." And as we have watched them, we have seen their "foot-falls suddenly cease to tinkle on the tufted fields of time," and in the midst of their revelry, they have plunged headlong into the gloomy depths of the grave. And as we have looked for our rule of life or philosophy to guide us, seeing the wrecks and ruins of all these wasted lives that lie strewn along the pathway of history, we shudder with an inhuman horror at the irony of Fate which placed us here to journey on an inevitable crusade, only terminated by the grave. But in the grim and dismal moment of despair, Hope walks forth upon the troubled waters of the soul and with fingers reaching reverently toward heaven, points triumphantly toward another star whose transcendent luster cannot be dimmed by the mists of life, nor dispelled by the gloom of death; and far of yonder, where this guardian Angel of life directs our gaze, we see trembling and throbbing and pulsating in the heavens, the pure and spotless star of Service to Mankind! Ah, my friends, you may search through all the musty pages of Socrates and Aristotle and Plato, but nowhere will you find enunciated a philosophy so sublime, so noble, or so lofty, as this doctrine which teaches us to serve our fellowmen! * *

In conclusion allow me to remind the young ladies and gentlemen of the Junior Class that the time is not far distant when the diadem of Seniorhood which now rests upon our heads shall adorn your brows; when this imperial purple which we wear shall descend upon your shoulders; when this spade, which I now deliver to your president, itself the symbolic scepter of Senior power, and wisdom and influence, shall be wielded in your hands. Throughout all the bright and shining pathway of our Alma Mater's future progress, God in Heaven forbid that it should ever be wielded by unworthy hands. But rather, may Freshmen join hands with Sophomore, and Sophomore with Junior, and Junior with Senior, and all, united by common bonds of union and friendship, march onward and upward to the goal of a liberal culture; that they may approach nearer and nearer to the statue of the of the *One Perfect Man*;

"Him who captive, led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!"



Squat's Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while
Squat studied tired and weary
On a sermon he had flunked on
twice before;
Coughing, snoozing, even napping,
suddenly there came a tapping,
Like some knocker, gently rapping,
rapping at his cabin door;
"Tis some saphead," Parsons mut-
tered, "tapping at my cabin door."
Only this, and nothing more.

Well indeed does Squat remember, it was
in the cold December,
And the mourning wind did whis-
tle, through the creaky cabin floor;
Awfully Squat dreaded Sunday, for
it was upon that one day
That his sermon he would flunk
on, as he'd often done before;
Flunk quite ignominiously, as he'd
often flunked before;
He was such a tiresome bore.

Flinging then the door wide open, that his
visitor might mope in,
In there flew a jet black raven, like some
pessimistic bore;
Not the least red tape displayed he, not
a bit of time delayed he;
Like some regal monarch stayed he
just above Squat's cabin door,
Perched and blinked, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling, Squat's
"fair" features into smiling
By the prophylactic countenance, that
the raven strangely bore;
"Why have I thus let this knave in,
ghastly, unuspicious raven,
Shall his form thus be engraven, as
a fixture o'er my door,
Shall I let this winged demon, thus
remain above my door?
Shall he stay there any more?"

Wondering at the blustering raven, sit-
ting there so wierd and craven,
Thinking it might be some prophet, in
bird form above his door,
Squat accosted thus the raven, tran-
quel in its new-found haven,
"Speak, black crow, if it doth please
thee, shall the kids ne'er cease to tease me,
Can no balm cure my distemper, while
I linger on life's shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, coughing, spitting, still
is sitting, still is sitting,
On the little Latin pony, just
above Squat's cabin door;
Ever and anon he's scoffing, with his
stammering beak a coughing
Always pouting, never laughing, 'till
Squat asking him once more,
If distemper e'er shall leave him, thus
he answers as before,
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Hugh D. Hart.

(With apologies to Poe)

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Inter-Society Declamatory Contestants

- (1) Edmond Patterson, '13, Garland.
- (2) Thomas G. Clark, '12, Garland.
- (3) Gus Brown, '11, Garland.
- (4) Wesley Rogers, '11, Gamma Sigma.
- (5) Roy John, '11, Gamma Sigma
- (6) James Evans, '13, Gamma Sigma.



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Debaters-Garland and Gamma Sigma Literary Societies '09

- (1) Edgar L. Dean, '09, Gamma Sigma.
 (2) Ruford Turrentine, '09, Gamma Sigma.
 (3) Harry Henderson, '09, Garland.
 (4) Hugh D. Hart, '09, Garland.

Question: *Should Municipalities Own and Operate Public Utilities?*

Affirmative:

Gamma Sigma

Negative:

Garland

The Non-Coms.

O, Diogene, where dost thy lantern shine? Whither lookest thou for a man? Come hither and establish thy tub near to our friendly walls! Turn thy searching light full upon our illustrious bunch of non-comity! Keep in mind the maxim "Variety is the spice of life," and thou shalt find them up to now! Verily, verily this martial band will satisfy the long-felt yearning of thy heart and cause thy cup to run over.

Perhaps the brightest star of them all is "Snake-Eater" Johnson, a fourth step-cousin of General Hezekiah Johnson, who fought so gallantly at the bloody battle of Bull-Frog Pond, and who is now paving the way by which his corporal cousin may reach the heights of fame as did his forefather at old Shakerag Mountain. By no means least deserving of that fame which Seezar alone of all Rome merited, is Ram McClellan; indeed, it would stir the heart of a lone wolf to hear Ram's thunderous command: "Forward, to the rear, march!" the deep tones of which seem as the voice of a thousand mighty guns.

O Uncle Sam, come get our Ram,
And use him in yer biz;
For sure as Hec, a ridin' Beck
He'd make the nation whiz.

Uncle Sam will not, however, be benefitted by the services of Slim de Mac. The barometer recently indicated that he possessed the altitude of three meters; and that perennial snows abounded upon his cranium. The lankosity of this individual has won for him a place among the Potsdam Giants.

It is said that the soul of ancient Miltiades transmigrated and has found a resting place within the limber frame of Corporal Scrub Gerig, the hero of many a hard fought battle with the world's adversities, such as stingy boys and wasp nests, and all who prevaricate contrary to the brightness of his godlike countenance. There are rumors that he even conquered Cupid and now has the boy enlisted on his side. Rub-a-dub, dub! See Corporal Scrub!

Within the ranks of Company A, there is a physical phenomenon, namely, Wabbling Shypoke—a jolly lad, but always deploring the fact that he is about the only one in his squad; anyhow, there are not enough in it to have Raccoon drill. Shypoke has lately been planning to take his squad abroad and hunt for his ancestors. Company A lays claim to another freak: Pneumatic Whitesides. I say pneumatic because, being frail, the air moves him about, and assuredly he's as windy as a bicycle tire. It is inspiring to hear him call time, for his calls sounding like a hungry calf, remind me of home and the farm. Ofttimes he shouts to one of the light-weight sergeants to call the step and immediately there rises upon the morning air, something like the sweet, sad call of the blue-jay. What a profusion of melodies to the tune of "Left, left, my wife in dear old Georgia left," etc.

"Bulldog Gus" is a famous character. He is destined to hold a pivot in the world's history and ride Pegasus to the sight reading class. At some time he will revolutionize the Holy Order of Ye Knockers, and just as he commands a company so will he shout to the hurried march of Time, "Colyum right, forward mar-rch," and like a three-headed Cerberus, he will guard the entrance to a world.

John Wesley Rogers and P. Horace Taylor are two celebrities who not only show their boldness in drill but also by making conjugal offers in libraries and even at morning chapel. The former wanders about in delightful delirium, offering up sundry supplications to the fair goddess installed upon the pedestal of his soul's affections; the latter grasps with a grip of iron, the ancient staff of valor and goes forth in battle array to slay in cold blood, a butterfly for a fair damsel whose heart beats in unison with his, and whose daily prayer as she looks toward her heart's Mecca is "May no wild beast get him." Sergeant Gillman deserves a place in the Catacombs. He has eyes, but he sees not, for, as Byron said "His eyes are with his heart, and that is far away." He belongs to the species sometimes called "rara avis." He has very nearly invented perpetual motion and when he succeeds in finding a match to Ned Atkins' tongue, he will join the two forces and will have untied the Gordian knot. There is a certain tongue, the qualifications of which are nearly sufficient, that of Frank Steed, a noble steed he is, too. He prances around like a clock-work monkey, chattering and laughing and smiling at the ladies. This sergeant is a paragon in drill and the captain, when reprimanding a youngster points to Steed and says: "See Sergeant Steed standing there like a bean stick." When Steed is absent, Tom Clark becomes an exemplary character. He is a heart-breaking prodigy at times; always he teaseth the little girls about some poor, luckless swain's amorous declarations. But beware, Tommie! Thy day of torture is at hand; even now thy comely frame is the object upon which many fair eyes are fixed.

Gentle readers, the best comes last and now the noblest three of them all will be pictured. Puss Maudlin, because of his pragmatic (?) bearing in Italian drill and because of his skill with the saber, has become an essential to the maintenance of the institution. For the last two years this philanthropic soul has been making his will, and Batsy Murry and Coot Brown, his adopted sons, will fall heirs equally. These two prominent peculiarities are biographed in all the almanacs; the smiles of one and the wit of the other are famous for their restorative power. Batsy is of ancient Viking lineage and takes great pride in being the descendant of Eric Herjulfson, a famous bard of antiquity (for genealogy of the family see "Century Book of Facts".) Coot, a lusty son of Erin, daily boasts of "Auld Oirland," of her bogs and fens, of her sweet, blushing maidens. "Begorra," says he, "Auld Oirland shall be free." Coot, although of royal blood, is unable, on account of the many wars in his native land, to trace his ancestry any farther than Mike, the Bloody, of the time of Old King Cole. O verdant isle! Thou hast at last brought forth a man!

Thus ends this panorama of variegated humanity, and if any of these gods and demigods should, perchance, overstep the battlements of Olympus, may this be said in their behalf; "They had too much ambrosia."

F. M.—One of the Holy Order



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Representatives in the State Oratorical and Musical Contest

- (1) MISS DOVIE GOLDEN..... Prep. Piano
Arkadelphia, Arkansas
- (2) MISS ALCIE DEAN OLMSTEAD..... Piano
Beebe, Arkansas
- (3) MISS EVELYN GOODWIN Expression
ElDorado, Arkansas
- (4) SKIPWITHE W. ADAMS Oratory
Hodge, Louisiana
- (5) MISS EVA McCLINTOCK..... Voice
Lake Village, Arkansas
- (6) MISS JANET HINEMON Prep. Expression
Arkadelphia, Arkansas
- (7) EDMOND PATTERSON Declamation
Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

The Moguls Meet

The High Mogul, his majesty the worthy President, straightens up and laying aside his Old Virginia Cheroot stomps the floor three times in rapid succession with his number eleven, and the house was called to order for the first time in two weeks. After the opening exercises had been conducted in a halting manner by Dr. Proctor of the University of Chicago, business was in order. First was a report from Boulevard Garrett, in which he advised that the Taylor boys, together with Zeke Hart be sent home in disgrace on general principles. The question was voted on, and passed, but unfortunately was never executed.

By this time it seemed evident that Prof. James Raymond and the expression teacher had mistaken the meeting for a mere social gathering. Various and sundry committees were sent to inform them otherwise, but to no avail. Finally Mrs. Borden vociferated that unless such frivolity be eliminated, she would throw down her position (as straw boss) and quit the meeting.

Thereupon the President issued a ukase ordering Sergeant-at-Arms Garrett to usher the obstinate James from the room. The order was promptly obeyed. All the while Dean Jack Rapp and Dr. Proctor had been enjoying a quiet little game of "high dice" over in the corner. The Dean failed to "roll" at which he with "much malice and forethought" proceeded to batter the unsuspecting in a brutal way on the coco. Of course this had no effect, but nevertheless Miss Wilson, being horror-stricken at such ghastly conduct began to quote historical passages from the bloody fray of Mauldin's run.

At this juncture Miss Parke, seeing the sad plight, broke forth in a nasal solo, "I Wonder Whose Little Girlie I Am." Matters grew from bad to worse, all, save the ruling sachen, swooning away. At last, perceiving that she had made a typographical error, Miss Parke ceased her melodious flow. One by one the victims regained consciousness.

Mrs. Kennon moved that the house come to order, but on the ground that she had brought her sewing machine to the meeting, her motion was ruled down; besides, she was fined thirteen cents for not addressing the chair.

Mr. Foster drew from his pocket a deck of cards and announced that the "pot" was open. Mr. Mitchell accepted the challenge, and after administering a severe "cleaning," the house again proceeded.

As things had subsided to some extent Miss Bussell made a motion that more keys be chopped on the piano, that thereby she might better display her talent. The motion passed and Boulevard was appointed as a committee of one to chop the keys. She then moved that the faculty take the first day of May as a holiday and go on a crusade in quest of owls.

Mr. Proctor drank a cup of yeast; and the President remarked that "Puffing up is the surest and fatallest sign of decay." At which Miss McLaughlin laughed. Robert at once became furious, and was only quieted by a few gentle blows of the ten pound gavel skillfully wielded by the mighty President.

As business became rather dull, all snoozed off, but were presently awakened by a boisterous knocking at the door, which was found to be no other than James Raymond who again sought admittance. The question whether or not he should be reinstated was put to vote. All voted the affirmative except Mr. Foster, who declared that James had, in a foul manner, tried to assassinate him by putting tacks in the hash and that upon no consideration, as he was a dangerous character, ought he to be admitted. James was heartbroken and turned away in silent sobs.

When, at the suggestion of the President, resolutions had been passed on "the man who stole Washington's skull," and another set on "the men who lost their lives in the cold storage fire," the house was declared adjourned.

But Miss Bussell withheld the declaration for a few moments in which she announced that Mrs. John would entertain with a whist party on the following Saturday evening, and that all were invited.

The meeting now adjourned and as they walked leisurly from the room Mrs. Borden remarked: "These meetings are so beneficial; they help us to learn more thoroughly the inner lives of the students."

THE EVOLUTION OF A LEMON.







Henderson Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 9—School opens students begin to arrive.
- 10—Squat Parsons returns to the fold.
"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than the ninety and nine that need no repentance."
- 11—Beryl meets Miss Thornhill.
- 12—Opening reception.
- 14—Girls go to church.
- 15—All four Societies meet.
- 16—Faculty recital.
- 17—Tom Harkins leaves for Vanderbilt.
- 18—Beryl likes Miss Thornhill.
- 19—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 20—Benjamin visits his mother.

OCTOBER

- 8—First foot ball game—79 to 0 in favor of H. C.
- 9—Beryl becomes infatuated with Miss Thornhill.
- 10—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 11—Mayme loses back comb.



OCTOBER (continued)

- 12—Miss Pansy takes charge of art department.
- 15—Sister Lillian and brother visit Mayme and Jence.
- 18—Mock Wedding in Key Hall.
- 20—Whiteford becomes timid.
- 26— Henderson vs. U. of A.
- 28—Mrs. Borden lectures in Searcy.
- 31—Hallowe'en reception.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Beryl worships Miss Thornhill.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 5—Ruston vs. Henderson. Reception.
- 7 —Whiteford is still timid.
- 8—Henderson vs. Hendrix.
- 10—Mr. Tull leaves for Nashville.
- 12—Rea discovers Clack to be her cousin.
- 15—Bevie paints foot-ball boy and basket-ball girl!
- 18—Mr. Haygood receives card from Paris.
- 20—Miss Thornhill goes home.
- 21—Beryl puts in long distance call for Miss Thornhill.
- 25—Mr. Hinemon reads "A Message to Garcia."
- 26—Henderson wins championship in foot-ball.
- 29—Mayme and Jence receive collars from Little Rock.
- 30—Girls don winter uniforms.



Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baars.

DECEMBER

- 1—Beryl kneels at Miss Thornhill's shrine.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baars to take a nap.
- 4—Mock trial of Gamma Sigmas.
- 9—Key Hall midnight feast.
- 11—Eva loses pair of "pillow slips."
- 12—Senior Bazaar.
- 15—Students' recital.
- 18—Featherston's Ladies Orchestra.
- 20—Arline loses back comb No. 1.
- 22—Students leave for home.



Key Hall Feast

JANUARY

- 4—Beryl renews her love for Miss Thornhill.
- 5—Students return after Christmas holidays.
- 6—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 8—Exams beg'n.
- 11—Many tears are shed.
- 13—"Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."
- 15—Mid-term reception.
- 17—Burlesque programme of Philos-Ida plays solo.
- 19—Miss Merritt departs for Lake Village.
- 24—Nina's history is found in Eva's room.

FEBRUARY

- 1—Beryl continues to love Miss Thornhill.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 3—Mr. Proctor accompanies Miss Bussell to Ouachita.
- 5—Squat attempts to go with May.
- 10—Scalawag track meet.
- 14—Hugh attempts to go with May.
- 15—Valentine reception—Annie Shell wears her green poplin—Arline Wilson receives celluloid guitar.



Ida plays a solo

FEBRUARY (con.)

- 16—Alice becomes accomplished in the hurdle race.
- 20—Miss Moseley visits friends.
- 22—Longed for holiday.
- 23—Scalawag feast.

MARCH

- 1—Beryl dotes on Miss Thornhill.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 3—Soph. girls have a feast in Bevie's room.
- 4—Seniors plant class tree.
- 5—Mr. Proctor kills an owl.
- 9—Shypoke makes his first oration against Scrub



Before

After
Miss Mac Pompadours Her Hair



Oration Against Scrub

- 11—Mayme and Jence visit their sister, Mrs A B Poe.
- 13—Track meet with Ouachita.
- 14—Juanita returns from Washington.
- 15—Henderson vs. Benton.
- 17—John Quincy dies suddenly.
- 29—Eva has sleeves in her uniform changed.
- 22—Miss Kaufman entertains the Seniors.
- 24—Henderson vs. Argenta.
- 25—Miss Thornhill returns from Paris.
- 27—Beryl and May entertain the Seniors.
- 28—Miss Mac pompadours her hair.
- 29—Seniors go on picnic.
- 30—Baseball girls array themselves in widows' weeds.
- 31—Baseball boys leave on a tour.



Miss Thornhill returns from Paris

APRIL

- 1—Beryl loves Miss Thornhill devotedly.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 3—Arkansas Glee Club.
- 4—Tennis Club Organized.
- 6—Alta Mae finds Bible in Eva's room.
- 7—Wadie has a beau.
- 9—May thanks Aubrey for ticket.
- 10—Dr. Herbert lectures.
- 12—Marcus breaks Mattie Lea's ring.
- 13—Squat accompanies Ida to church.
- 16—Musical contest.
- 17—Oratorical contest.
- 19—Henderson vs. Ouachita.
- 20—Tebo is injured.
- 22—Beryl meets Miss Thornhill's brother.
- 23—Beryl and Miss Thornhill go to Little Rock.



Seniors go on a Picnic

APRIL (continued)

- 24—Henderson boys and girls go to track meet.
- 26—Sherwood recital.
- 29—Alva frames Count Adamski's pictures.
- 30—Henderson vs. Hendrix. Mr. Beasley leads yells.



Seniors Picnic



Arline receives a celluloid guitar.



Waitie expects her beau.



Scalawag Feast

MAY

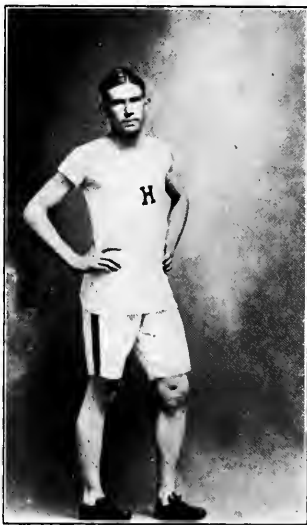
- 1—Beryl loves Miss Thornhill very ardently.
- 2—Miss Parke goes to Mrs. Baar's to take a nap.
- 3 Ida sings in choir of Methodist church.
- 4 Annie Shell receives grape juice.
- 5 Arline loses back comb No. 3.
- 7 Butsy Napoleon spends the night on Scalawag.
- 9 Auntie visits Chris.
- 10 Leta receives Marechal Niel roses.
- 12 Graduate recital.
- 14 Exams begin.
- 15 Surprises.
- 16 Sighs and groans.
- 19 Graduate recital.
- 20 Exams close.
- 21 Commencement begins.
- 23 Commencement sermon.
- 24 Commencement exercises.
- 25 Ditto.
- 26 Graduation exercises.
- 27 Students are gone.



Athletics

Henderson College Athletic Association

- (1) JAMES R. HAYGOOD, President
(3) P. Horace Taylor, Vice-President
(4) Wesley Roger, Secretary
(2) Ruford Turrentine, Treasurer
(8) Hugh D. Hart, Manager Foot Ball and Correspondent.
(6) John L. Hughes, Manager Base Ball Team
(7) Louis Agee, Captain Foot Ball Team
(5) Aubrey Taylor, Captain Track Team
Jerome Brown, Captain Base Ball Team
-



GILBERT GILMAN
Winner of Individual Medal



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A Review of the Football Season

Every day we see men come upon the stage of public action, linger awhile, then pass on and be forgotten. Now and then we read of a battle having been fought, but this too soon sinks into the dark oblivion of forgetfulness.

But the year nineteen hundred and eight saw men appear before the foot-lights, and saw battles waged pleasing to Mars himself, which shall not show this fate, but whose memory shall drift on down through the annals of history, and shall besung of by bards and numbered by poets of future generations. These men were the men who made up the football team; the battles were those which they fought.

It is with pride that we look back and in our humble way attempt to enumerate the achievements of this illustrious galaxy of moleskin talent. And in fact the heart of every true lover of America's greatest game at Henderson is filled with admiration as he surveys their brilliant record. From that day in September on which practice first began, no season ever before presented so luminant an outlook, for when the first roll was called all of the '07 squad were present with the exception of Rogers, Edwards and Bizzell. But Bizzell was not destined to stay out long. How could he? Within a few days he reported for duty, and it must be said that upon his arrival a new joy pervaded Coach Haygood's camp.

For more than three long weeks Coach Jim piloted his troupe of artists up and down Henderson field, before he consented to bring them before the public eye. But at the end of this time, thinking to have a machine capable of going at a lively gate, he consented, and on the seventh day of October the Reds won their first victory of the season, by winning a kind of signal practice over the A. C. C. bunch from Clarksville.

The machine went in lined up as follows: Turrentine, left end; Williams, left tackle; Bizzell, left guard; Brown, center; A. Williams, right guard; Rogers, right tackle; Gillman, right end; Tull, quarterback; Agee, left half; Mauldin, right half; Berry, fullback. And such it remained for the majority of the subsequent games, with the exception that Gibbs played between the guards and Brown guarded his right side, while Dougan alternated at quarter with Tull. Gatling also did some good work in the latter part of the season.

The visitors were for the most part neophytes along the football line and were far from being adept even in the rudiments of the game, and presenting nothing which might be mistaken for team work, they consequently furnished little more than a mere scrimmage.

But although they went away on the small end of a 79 to 0 score, they had clearly demonstrated that it was only training



and not grit which they lacked, for they played a consistent game throughout. But it is an obvious fact that they were advanced somewhat in the elementary steps of the game at least, and they bid fair to have a good strong team in the course of another season.

Next on October 24th the Reds invaded the University camp at Fayetteville, only to be repulsed by a score of 51 to 0. This game is the only blemish on an otherwise spotless record. To be sure the Reds were conscious of the fact that they were getting entirely beyond their realm, but nevertheless were somewhat surprised when they had lined up for the first pick-off to see that they were outweighed forty pounds to the man. Being unused to such heavy fire, it was a tough proposition to go up against a bunch of heavy experienced men. And although they lost by a pretty large score, still it is no disgrace. Rather on the other hand let it to their credit be said that they put up a good, stiff fight, one worthy of the highest praise.

The next week was spent at hard work, Coach Jim and all, preparing for the L. I. I. aggregation, who on the following Monday journeyed up from the Creole State and made their appearance in full array, confident of returning to the cane districts plus one scalp.

The exhibition which was presented that afternoon smacked more of genuine football, and was the most sensational of any game seen on a local gridiron in many a season past. Within the first fifteen minutes of play the Rustonites had romped down the field for two touchdowns, but fortunately had failed at both goals. The Reds were now to take a hand and before the first half was over, they, too, had crossed the line twice, and Berry had kicked one goal fair. During the second half the ball rarely left the center of the field. The final score stood 11 to 10 in Henderson's favor.

On November 3, accompanied by "Teb" Key and several other loyal supporters, the team embarked for Ft. Logan H. Roots for the sole purpose of drubbing in a severe fashion the "defenders of the flag." It was about this time of the season that the team had reached the zenith of its power and was going at its best, and they confronted no serious difficulty in fulfilling their mission. At the first down many of the khaki clan thought that Gabriel had sounded the final taps. They wished to lead a peaceful life at any rate; several deserted and have not been caught to this day. A larger score could perhaps have been made if desired, but there was no necessity for such. And the Reds were content to come off on the large end of a 23 to 0 score.

On the following Monday Hendrix sent her contingent, its personnel consisting almost entirely of raw recruits, down to face Coach Jim's battalion on its native heath. Sol himself is said to have smiled as he saw the lads approach with such bold effrontery.

This was the first championship game of the season, and its outcome was awaited with eagerness. The game started as though it was going to be a battle royal, but alas, too soon the Conwayii began to show vague signs that they were beneath the powerful charms of Morpheus. They fell powerless before the merciless onslaughts of the merciless Reds. When the final whistle blew the score stood 65 to 0 in our favor. Hendrix put



Geo. Sengling

FOOT-BALL

up a game fight, and was defeated from the simple fact that they were outplayed.

For the next two weeks the Reds were busily engaged in putting on the finishing touches for the final conflict with Ouachita on Turkey Day. This was one of the hardest fought battles of the year. Ouachita stubbornly contested to the very last. The game proved a fitting climax for a successful season, and when the referee's whistle had sounded for the last time on that day the score stood 65 to 0. The twilight of a Thanksgiving Eve for the second time in history saw the Reds proudly leave the field of action as "Champions of Arkansas."

We would like much to survey and specialize the work of each individual who composed the team, but space is lacking. So let it suffice to say that every man at all times proved himself a true representative of the Red and Gray. They were imbued with the true Henderson spirit, and were boys of ability and resolution. Had they not been they would never have attained that eminent degree of success which they did.

We would not think this review complete, and in fact it would not be, were mention not made somewhere of the "second" team. All honor to Mr. Proctor and his doughty Dragons. Although they were unsuccessful in the majority of their games, they nevertheless played a leading role in welding together the Reds and making them what they were.

The greatest honor, however, falls to the peerless chieftain, Coach Haygood. He, more than any other one person, is responsible for Henderson's great team. Day after day with unceasing toil he endeavored to infuse spirit into the team, and succeeded as few beside him could have done. For the past two seasons he has not only made a public demonstration of his skill and efficiency as a coach, but has proven himself a worthy general to the team as well. And his name, besides being stored away deep within the heart of every student with whom he has come in contact, shall for many a day be sung in the annals of football lore in Arkansas.

At the close of the season the team was entertained with a smoker given by Messrs. Agee, Matthews and Tull, at which Whiteford Mauldin was elected captain for the ensuing year. Several other entertainments, such as dinners, etc., were proffered by loyal friends but unfortunately the invitations were unable to be accepted. As one looks back and sees what by their untiring efforts the team has done to upbuild and to maintain the enviable reputation which Henderson has so acquired, this may not seem in due appreciation of their services.

Many other interesting events, such as receptions, treeplanting, and innumerable chapel talks and lectures, have transpired within the fleeting months just gone by, but this record of the football team is the only thing which we at present deem worthy of review. For it is the only thing that will live and be discussed by progeny within the walls of future Henderson.

And well may the Henderson of nineteen hundred and nine look back upon the season just passed as being the most brilliant, the most successful in the chronicles of her football career.

H.



Baseball

Jas. R. Haygood . . . <i>Coach</i>	John L. Hughes . . . <i>Manager</i>
Jerome Brown . . . <i>Captain</i>	J. O. Brown . . . <i>Catcher</i>
J. W. Massey	} <i>Pitchers</i>
Frank Williams	
Edmund Patterson	
R. J. Dougan . . . <i>First Base</i>	Gilbert Gilman . . . <i>Second Base</i>
Marcus Key . . . <i>Third Base</i>	Brice Kaufman . . . <i>Short Stop</i>
R. C. Johnson . . . <i>Left Field</i>	Louis Agee . . . <i>Center Field</i>
Claud Murry . . . <i>Right Field</i>	H. Williams . . . <i>Substitute</i>
F. Gerig . . . <i>Substitute</i>	Miles Burton . . . <i>Mascot</i>

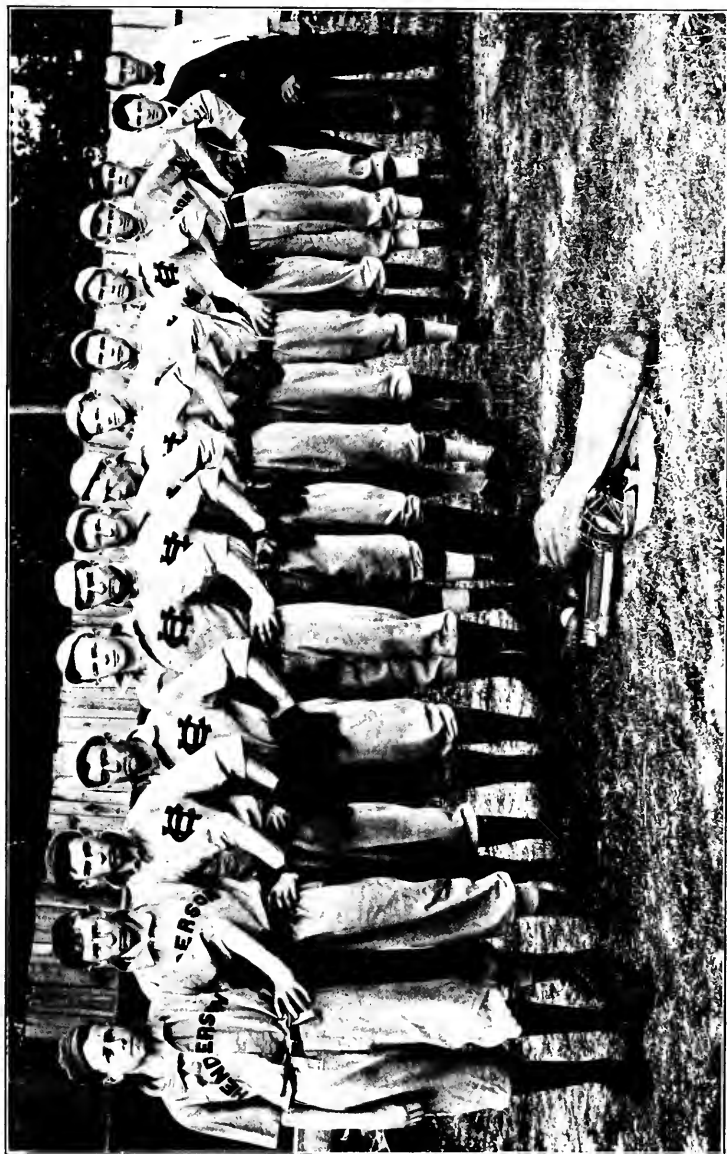
This year the State Athletic Association Board, at one of its regular meetings arranged a schedule for the six teams in the Association. Each team was to play the other five teams four games each, two at home and two as visitors.

The team to date has made a good record and if it continues its good work for the next two games, stands a good chance of winning the pennant.

Henderson has played 17 of her 20 games and stands 2nd with a percentage of 60⁰

The record of the 1909 team is as follows:

	Henderson	Opp.
March 31, Hendrix, at Conway	1	6
April 1, Normal, at Conway	3	2
2, Cumberland, at Clarksville	3	6
3, Cumberland, at Clarksville	8	4
5, Hendrix, at Conway	0	1
6, Normal, at Conway	3	2
7, Arkansas, at Batesville	4	1
8, Arkansas, at Batesville	12	1
15, Cumberland, at Arkadelphia	6	5
17, Cumberland at Arkadelphia	5	4
19, Ouachita, at Arkadelphia	6	8
20, Ouachita, at Arkadelphia	5	2
26, Hendrix, at Arkadelphia	2	4
28, Hendrix, at Arkadelphia	2	1
May 4, Batesville, at Arkadelphia	7	9
6, Batesville, at Arkadelphia	5	7
13, Normal, at Arkadelphia	7	0
15, Normal at Arkadelphia	-	-
26, Ouachita, at Arkadelphia	-	-
27, Ouachita, at Arkadelphia	-	-



Track Team '09

STATE CHAMPIONS

Aubrey Taylor, *Captain*

Wesley Rogers, *Manager*

J. R. Haygood, *Coach*

MEMBERS

GILBERT GILMAN, *Individual Champion*

Reid	Williams
Steed	Snapp
Dougan	Agee
Taylor, A.,	Taylor H.
John, R.	Gatling
John, K.,	Massey
Murry	McNeil

INTER-COLLEGIATE ARKANSAS RECORDS

One-hundred yard dash Dougan (Henderson) 1908
Time, ten seconds.

Two-hundred-and-twenty yard dash Dougan (Henderson) 1909
Time, twenty-two and two-fifths seconds.

Four-hundred-and-forty yard dash, ... Steed (Henderson) 1909
Time, fifty-six and one-fifth seconds.

Half-mile run Clark (Henderson) 1909
Time, two minutes and twelve seconds.

One-mile run Carnes (Ouachita) 1907
Time, five minutes and two-fifth seconds.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle Taylor (Henderson) 1908
Time, twenty-seven and three-fifth seconds.

Running high jump Fish (Ouachita) 1909
Height, five feet four inches.

Running broad jump Gilman (Henderson) 1909
Distance, twenty feet, two and one-half inches.

Pole vault. Massey (Henderson) 1909
Height, nine feet and ten inches.

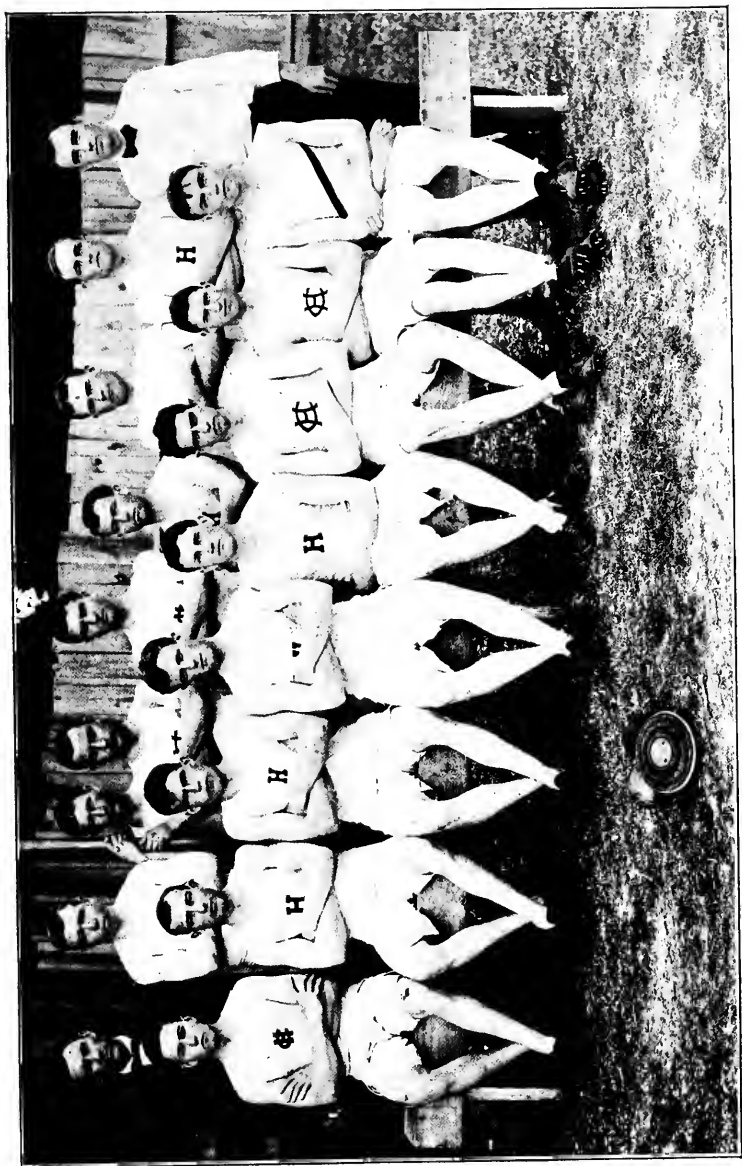
Sixteen-pound hammer throw Mathies (Hendrix) 1909
One-hundred and nine feet and one inch.

Sixteen-pound shot put Mathies (Hendrix) 1909
Distance, thirty-four feet three and one-half inches.

Discus throw Gilman (Henderson) 1909
Distance, ninety-four feet.

One-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle Taylor (Henderson) 1908
Time, seventeen minutes and two-fifth seconds.

Two mile run Williams (Henderson) 1909
Time, eleven minutes and thirty seconds.



An Afternoon on the Tennis Courts.

"Yes, this is what my religion cost me. I went to church without my uniform," grumbled M. E. Roberts, as he started out on the campus to do extra drill. Suddenly he stopped and ejaculated, "By hokies! the girls are going to play tennis. I'll see the fun; hi there! come on Martin, here's luck." Martin, who was doing extra drill for not obeying the command, "Heads up!" came rushing out with his gun. "Am I needed? Where's the danger?"

"Right yonder; see the goirls." The girls came trooping out on the tennis courts entirely oblivious of the fact that two young men were eagerly watching their athletic sports.

"Now listen to that, will you?" as Ola Parker yelled, "Where's my bat, I am going to knock a home run in this inning." "They have started in earnest now, look at Miss Bussell," said M. E. as Miss Bussell made a violent endeavor to return a ball that was fully eight feet above her head. "Yes, but take a squint at her partner." Ida was resting calmly on her racket, as she drawled out, "Well, I declare, that was a ball then."

"Say, I wonder why so many girls stay on the fence," said Roberts in a puzzled tone, as he stopped in amazement and gazed fenceward. "Oh, they are merely going over after balls. 'Over the fence is out,' or at least the ball is out, you know."

"By George! They have held open court too; what's the trouble?"

Annie Shell was lying lazily on the ground while Vera and Ruth were busily engaged in seeing who could knock sticks the farthest.

"Yonder is the cause in the distance," laughed Martin, as he pointed with his gun. Alice was daintily strolling out in the direction of the boys' cottages in search of a lost ball.

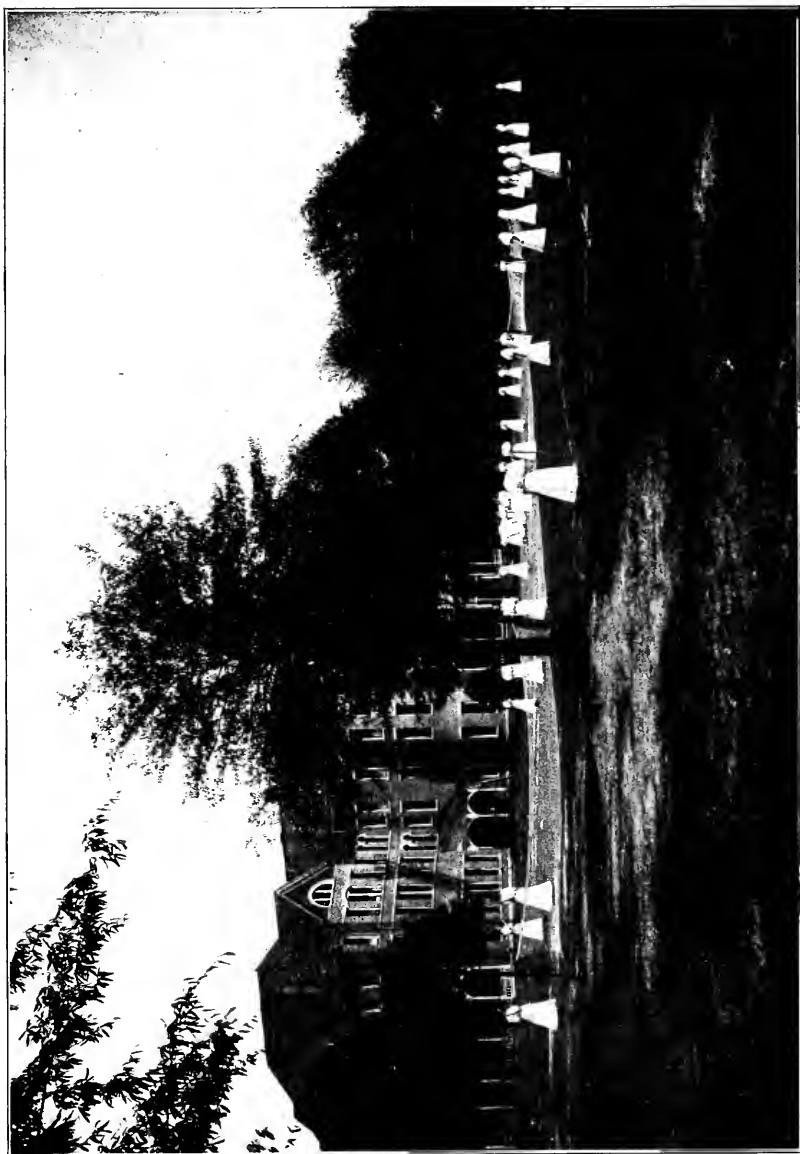
As Roberts was slowly plodding his weary way over the beaten path where all profligates are supposed to tread, this yell reached his ears: "There scoop it up, Leta!" but Leta, frightened at the rapidity of the ball, fell prostrate on the ground. This caused a little accident, for the ball went over the fence and in jumping over after it Christina sprained her ankle and all her puffs came down. However, this seemed a usual occurrence and caused no concern.

"That girl's got an arm on her," exclaimed Martin as he dodged a whizzing ball which bounced at the other end of the campus.

"O, that's 'Big Cupp.' Didn't you hear her say she thought she hit the ball a little too hard?"

Suddenly the two boys looking in the direction of court one, beheld a great commotion. Roberts dropped his gun and yelled "Come on Martin, here's our chance." But Beryl, seeing the boys coming yelled back "Aw, it ain't nothing. May was just trying to play the net, when she fell over it and punched a hole in it. But we can fix it up all right." She picked up a pebble and unconcernedly threw it over the college.

"Love fifteen! Did you hear that!" said Roberts aghast as he leaned against a tree for support. "I knew that Hughes girl had several suitors, but Great Caesar! I didn't know she was taking in the whole school!"



"Pshaw! That isn't half as bad as Bess Thompson. She's been yelling out "deuce" for the last half hour. These girls sure are getting degenerated."

"Say kid, bring me my tennis shoes. I'm getting tired of running around on these tom-walkers." This cry from Kyle suddenly brought Martin to the unusual position of holding up his head.

"Get Mr. Haygood's old tan pair; they will be more comfortable." This suggestion from Mittie Grace caused Roberts to mutter: "Gee! Wonder if they will fit."

After the difficulty of squeezing into the shoes, the game was again resumed and continued uninterrupted for some minutes.

"Wonder who that fellow is with the specks? He must be the coach or the general flunky to run after the balls, said Martin as he gazed at a masculine figure running about in an official way.

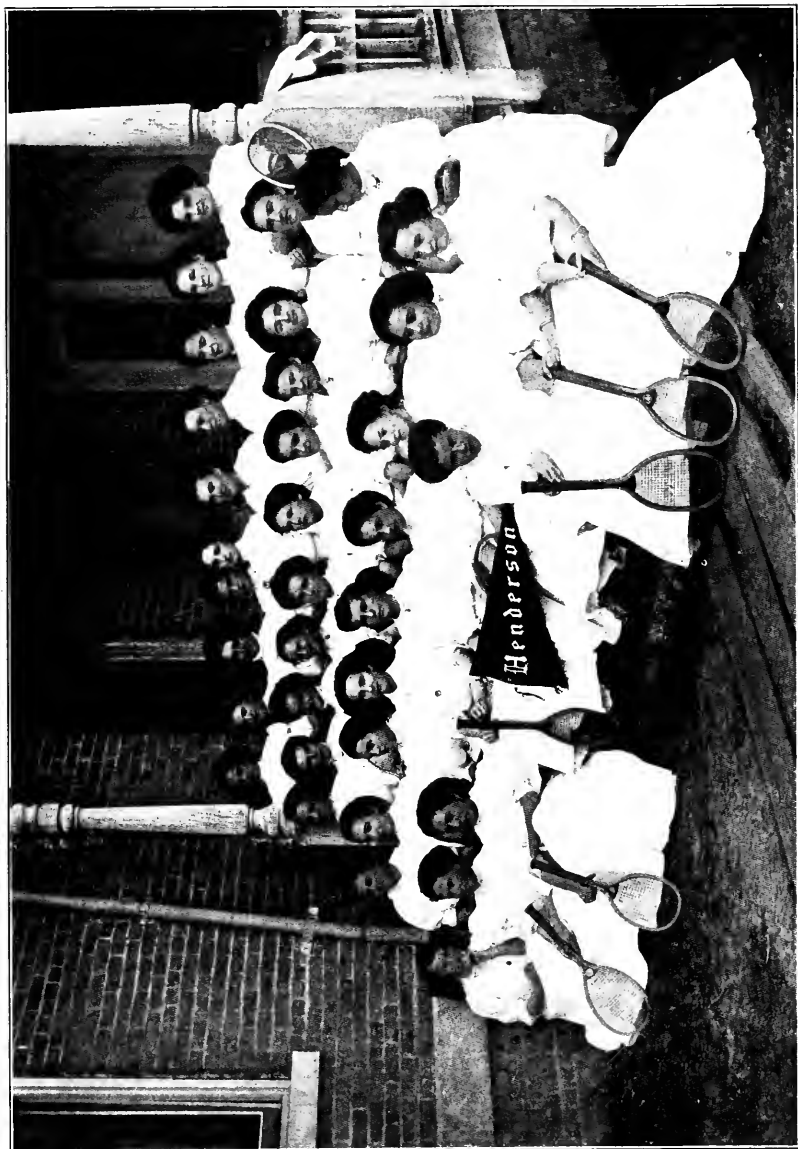
"Why man! get your optics repaired! That's Proctor; he is substitute general manager."

Just at that moment the whistle sounded and the girls began to take down the nets and walk slowly in the house.

Christina's hair was all hanging down in her hand. May Hughes, having played rather strenuously had fainted, and was being borne to the hydrant, which soon revived her.

"Well, I'm weak all over. Say Martin, let's don't wear our uniforms next Sunday."

—Evelyn Coodwin.



Tennis Club

"ROUGH RACKETS."

Motto: "Play the deuce but never love."

Colors: Light Blue and White.

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	Beryl Henry
<i>Vice President</i>	Vera Meade
<i>Secretary</i>	May Hughes
<i>Treasurer</i>	Bevie Poole
<i>Gen. Manager</i>	Miss Thornhill

MEMBERS.

Beryl Henry	Alice Pipkin	Bessie Pearcy
May Hughes	Annie Shell	Laura Neil
Ruth Pearcy	Christiana Moore	Janet Hinernon
Elva Cupp	Bevie Poole	Juanita Hinemon
Elizabeth Williams	Mittie Grace Mahan	Lillie Parks
Kyle Fannin	Inez McDuffie	Rose Hendricks
Ida Posey	Arline Wilson	Ruth Kitley
Eula Bussell	Ruth Berry	Vera Meade
Evelyn Goodwin	Ola Parker	Bess Kaufman
Bess Thompson	Bonnie Burnett	Leta Wright
Lillian Lucas	Eula Hale	Ozela Richardson
Mary Williamson	Mamie Wozencraft	Hester Wozencraft
Mabel McEachern	Ruby Mendenhall	
Justine Jenkins	Mabel McNeal	



BASKET BALL

Basket Ball Teams

General Manager, BERYL HENRY

"THE INVINCIBLES"

Motto: We play to win. Colors: Black and Maroon.

Captain, Evelyn Goodwin

Alice Pipkin

Eva Cupp

Beryl Henry

Kate McGehee

Mable McEachern

Ruth Percy

YELL—Rickety rum, rickety rah,
Invincibles sure we are,
Mickety bum, mickety ban
Beat Invincibles if you can.

"THE COMETS."

Motto: Keep the game going. Colors: Black and White.

Captain, Bevie Poole

Nell Page

Johnnie Henderson

Bessie Percy

Hester Wozencraft

Ruby Mendenhall

Mamie Watson

YELL—Raca, taca, raca, taca, ah,
Comets, Comets, rah, rah, rah.
Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka boom,
Comets, Comets, give us room.

"THE WINNERS."

Motto: Sweet sixteen and never been beaten.

Colors: Black and Light Blue.

Captain, Alcie Dean Olmstead.

Bessie Ward

Arline Wilson

Janet Hinemon

Frankie O'Neal

Rea Scroggin

Mamie Wozencraft

Esca Chandler

Virginia Watson

YELL —Rippity rap, rippity rah,
Winners, winners,
Rah, rah, rah.



Stars vs. Tigers

The long awaited day had at last dawned, and here and there on the campus or in the hallways, were to be seen small groups discussing as to what the outcome should be in the afternoon's contest. For on that afternoon was to be pulled off the great battle between the "Stars" and "Tigers."

The town was crowded with visitors who had been pouring in on all trains, and a crowd of fifteen thousand was expected to be on the field that afternoon. Captain Henry of the Stars, was confident of victory, while on the other hand Captain Mahan, of the Tigers, was equally as confident, and in fact, had made several large wagers on the game.

At 3:45 sharp, Referee Bussell's whistle sounded, the teams lined up, and Capt. Henry kicked off four feet and eleven inches. The Tigers' big center, Hayes, falls on the ball, but the pigskin was unequal to the strain and collapsed. A new oval being procured, the teams line up, and Tarrant goes around right end for a gain of two feet and one inch. Shell accidentally bites Pipkin on the ear for which the Tigers were penalized fifteen yards. They now try to make the distance on downs, but fail, and the ball goes over.

They again line up and Watson, failing to gain through the line, Key boots ten inches. Moores connects with the ball and makes a brilliant run of thirteen feet. On the next play quarterback Kaufman of the Reds sends Steele through the line for a gain of twenty yards. This was by far the most spectacular play which had yet been executed. But hardly had she rattled off another signal ere Posey had repeated the dose for three inches. The Tigers were now within fourteen inches of the goal line, and while all awaited the signal of quarterback Evans in breathless silence, Moores, the Star's big guard, reaches over and steals the ball. For this she was suspended from the game, and Taylor, who later made the All-Piney-Grove eleven, was sent in to take her place.

It all depended upon Capt. Mahan whether or not the Tigers should score. As usual, she was there with the goods, and punts the ball back over her head up the field for a distance of two feet. Williamson grabbed the ball and comes rushing like fury down the field, but was stopped on the fifteen-yard line by Captain Henry, who made the sensational tackle of the day. When the smoke had to some extent cleared away, Capt. Henry lay there with a mouth full of hair, gasping for breath; the water wagon was sent for and within two minutes she was back in the game.

They now line up on the fifteen yard line; fire darted from the eyes of every player as they contemplated the complete annihilation of each other. In a moment of almost dead silence, broken only by the sobs of Pipkin who was crying because she was hungry, the Tigers' plucky little quarterback calls for a line buck over center. Wright, the husky fullback, hurdles the line and would have made a goal, but stumbling over a peanut, falls within an arm's length of the longed for terminus. Key secures the ball and like a scared rabbit races the whole distance across the field in the fast time of 6 minutes and 22 seconds.

This broke all previous records. Capt. Henry kicks fair at goal. Score: Stars 6; Tigers 0.

Captain Henry, Pipkin and Shell were killed outright; Capt. Mahan, Key and Evans were mortally wounded. Umpire Parke died of lock-jaw from swallowing the whistle, and many others, even some on the sidelines were maimed for life. Miss Wilson was "simply surprised." The game was at last called on account of darkness.

Thus had gone down in history one of the fiercest struggles found in the annals of football lore. The loyal friends of Captain Henry still wear mourning for their victorious but departed chieftain, and for many days after the battle, gloom and desolation brooded over the college walls.



The Review of Reviews.



LAST NIGHT as I lay sleeping, an angel which had started at the dawn of creation, and had flown with the speed of light, appeared unto me in a vision. And there came a voice unto me saying, "Rise go thou forth and deliver this message to Garcia and look neither to the right nor to the left; but look thou to the front with heads up. 'During these years I have taught thee to recognize proper authority.'

Hear then my advice—I don't love my boy any more than your father loves you, but as a teacher of twenty odd years experience and teaching school is a serious business, I beseech thee to go slow and hit the line hard, don't be a looker-on. Lo! when duty calls, remember that Robert E. Lee said, 'Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.' You will receive many knocks and cuffs and when there seems to be no more hope and all is in despair, fight your way out or die, but don't give up the ship. My son puffing up is the surest and fatalist sign of decay and as thou goeth forth you will notice that 'the heaviest ears hang lowest towards the ground.' You have been diligent in your work and I want to commend you for using your spare time in the library. Lord Bacon said,—who remembers this story? (all hands go up)—'that reading makes a full man the want of it a fellow.' You know if a man has read the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, he is considered a well read man. After all 'a man is the architect of his own fortune.' I am glad you have identified yourself with all the college movements, for college life is real life. Especially in athletics, get out on the field and take part. The brightest boy I ever saw in my life killed himself for the want of exercise. It does not do me any good for you to do these things, it does not help me, but it is for your welfare that I urge them. I am glad to see so many who are listening attentively. You may not learn Latin, or Greek, or Mathematics; but he who learns these little things—even to sitting still will not have spent his time in this institution in vain. You are forming character now, which you cannot outlive, and there is no one who knows you better than the boys and girls you associate with know you. You may deceive your teacher but your companions can tell just exactly what you are. Be thou punctual in all thy duties, if you were working at the bank and could not go to your work, you would send an explanation and let them know why you were absent. If you failed to do this many times you would not hold your job long. I was at a prominent hotel in this state a few days ago, dining with a young man, whom I taught twenty years ago, and while we were at the table a man had the unmitigated gall to spit on the floor. I do not believe there is anyone here who does not know better than that, for you remember we have had a few lectures on manners; but I will make a speech on that some day, when I have more time. When you start out to do something, do it; or as you have heard me say before 'plow out to the end of the row,' then look back over your work and notice the mistakes and errors for it is the re-view, the looking over again that does the most good, this is what John Ruskin said you know."



Jokes and Jingles

Mr. Rapp, touring in Southern France, was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The poor beast was doing his best, but with all its efforts made little progress. The humane cyclist, putting his left hand on the back of the cart guided his wheel with the right pushed so hard that the donkey took fresh courage and pulled his load bravely to the top. When the summit was reached the peasant gratefully thanked his benefactor. "It was so kind of you, monsieur," he said, "I should never have managed that climb with only one donkey."

"Heads Up" was afraid that if the ocean should flow into the Sahara desert, the world would topple over. Don't worry, Colonel, it won't do any gyrastric stunts like that as long as you are there to say "Steady, steady."

McFerrin, art thou spurring
Toward a heavenly goal?
Careful be, in this dark sea,
Lest thou meet a shoal.
Listen lad, and be thou glad—
The future is "success."
Run the race with cheerful face—
Thou shalt have won thy Bess.
All her heart is set apart,
Waiting thy demand.
With smiling eyes go claim the prize,
And win thy Bessie's hand.

Hugh D. Hart and Squat C. Parsons, by their excellent example have added another rule to etiquette. We give it for the benefit of all Subs and Sophs. who expect to become Seniors. "Any young man, having made a date with a young lady, may of his own accord, and without notifying the young lady, break the date and free himself from all obligations."

As Caesar conquered his Gaul likewise would Aubrey Taylor conquer his temper.

P. Horace—The French people are the most ignorant race of people I ever saw.
Agee—Why?

P. H.—The other day I met a Frenchman on the train and couldn't even make him understand his own language.

In the glow of the last reception they sat, and sat, and sat. "You are going to say something soulful," declared Skip. "I see it in your lovely eyes."

"Yes, I'm thinking of asking you something," responded Alva. "Won't you wear a rubber band around your head at night, so your ears won't stick out so?"

Mr. Hinemon visited the ruins of Brinkley after the cyclone had done its dreadful work. An old darkey addressed him unexpectedly: "Say, boss, 'scuse me, but who is you?" "Why, I'm Mr. Hinemon, President of Henderson College."

"Yassa boss, t'ank yo' sir; the reason I asked is dat you looked so much like some o' my folks back yonder in Georgia."

John Quincy scratched Annie Shell. In her pain and surprise she forgot his claws; "John Quincy, give me that pin immediately!"

Miss Alcie Dean Olmstead has recently been heard soliloquizing in this manner:

"Of all the names in the Holy Book,
The best is that of Solomon;
I like it most because it sounds
So much like that of Hollemon."

If Cupid would trade his bow and arrow for a pop-gun, he might do more business.

Mr. Mitchell—"How do you account for the phenomena of dew?"

Mr. Dean—"Well, you see the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely."

Mamie Watson—"I wish I was Roy Dougan."

Jennie—"Why? You're a girl, better looking, have prettier clothes and are much more attractive."

Mamie—"Yes, I know, but he can wiggle his ears."

I sat me down in thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier for to love a girl
Than to make one love you.

John L.—"About a year ago I quit running the girls and thought I'd let them run me awhile. And by—— I ain't had a race since."

Odem Lafayette Walker says that he would dearly love to sit upon the boldest headland of Mount "Ida" and, inspired by the nine muses he would write a lovely ode to a pretty "Posey."

Jack Rapp took a nap
Upon one summer's eve,
And while he snored, and sawed the gourd,

A rat crawled up his sleeve:
Jack dreamed—to him it seemed,
Old Nick was surely there:
His claws were keen, Jack's arm was lean
Nick clawed him like a bear:
Jack awoke; it did provoke
His hunter's nature sound.
O, as for that! he likes a rat
But likes to hunt him down.

Esca's little friend:—Esca, have you married an Indian?
Esca:—What makes you ask such foolish questions?
Little friend:—Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing table.

Mrs. Borden:—Mr. Brown, what is a phenomenon?
Coot:—Well, Mrs. Borden, I'll explain. If you see a cow, why that's not one, and if you see a thistle that's not one; if you see a bird that's not one; but if you see a cow sitting on a thistle and singing like a bird, why that's a phenomenon.

Claud was conspicuous for his awkwardness in drill that morning, but Inez overlooked that and said: "Just look! everybody is out of step but Claud."

Mamie Wozencraft—Miss Bussell, have gooseberries got legs?

Miss B.—Why no.

Mamie—Then I've swallowed a caterpillar

Grass-widows and grass-hoppers jump at the first chance.

"O, where is my rosebud" said Miss Bussell.

"Gone owl hunting," said someone.

Miss Butler to Mittie Grace:—Does it make you love any one harder if the girls tease you about him?

Mittie Grace:—Yes.

Miss Butler:—Well, I wish you all would tease me about Mr. Beasley.



Who. Wh O. Took Miss Bussell to Ouachita?



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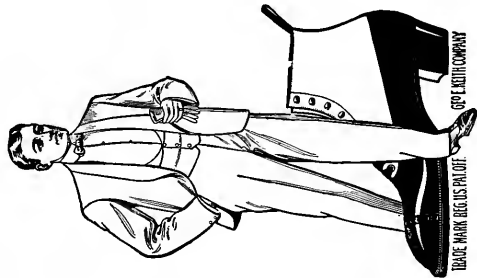
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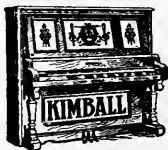
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